EMY ALIENS AT LARGE IN GLASGOW.

HE STRANGE CASE OF AUGUSTUS CHARLES HUBER.

(EXCLUSIVE TO "THE POST SUNDAY SPECIAL.")

Glasgow, Saturday.

have now been at war for almost three and a half years, yet at the Cen- lice Court, Glasgow, the other day we e curious spectacle of an uninterned alien appearing before the Magis- on a charge of theft. No wonder diary Neuson was moved to ask why particular enemy alien—Augustus Huber, an Austrian—had been interned nor repatriated?

rse an explanation was forthcoming. spired that Augustus Charles Huber's had been considered by the Scottish Advisory Committee, and that ad permitted him to remain in the y.

have frequently had occasion in these to refer to the Scottish Aliens Ad- Committee's policy with regard to the alien question, and the great dis- tion which their action—or rather —had created up and down the y. It is the refusal of the Advisory ittee to interpret the nation's will s roused indignation. Instead of enemy aliens in their proper place— behind barbed wire in interment —they have acquiesced in the foolish of petting and pampering them, and ny instances granting them greater ges than free-born Britons possess.

ere any British subject in Germany free there to roam about at will like strian, Augustus Charles Huber, who her day was found guilty of stealing kes of soap from a shop in Howard Glasgow, and who was fined £10, he alternative of ten days' imprison- The question is one which does not an answer. For the German policy rd to their aliens has been a policy orough," just as has the policy of the States in this same connection. When r own authorities going to wake up?

A Photographer of Means.

t are the facts about Augustus Charles ? An Austrian, fifty-four years of Huber is not naturalised, although resi- n this country for many years. He is tographer, with business premises in ca Street, Glasgow. He is a man of erable means, it appears, and conse- y he had no difficulty in paying the ne imposed at the Court.

he time war broke out Huber, who arried to a French lady, now de- , was in business in Edinburgh as a grapher, and he had several shops in pital, where he appears to have been ccessful. In addition to his Edinburgh s, Huber was the owner of a cottage rdour, overlooking the Firth of Forth, re he also carried on his business of rapher, his clients being mostly sum- sitors to the Fifeshire town.

r the war had been some time in pro- Huber was given permission to use cameras inside his premises; but when rgh and the East Coast was regarded prohibited area, the Austrian photo- r, along with other alien enemies of , was removed to Glasgow. Huber ted a man to look after his cottage at our, but recently he sold the property of the restrictions which prohibited om visiting it and seeing how matters etting along.

n Huber came to Glasgow he applied mission to use cameras in his busi- and after inquiry the Austrian was d authority to use one camera, but his premises only.

s stated that the Aliens Committee allowed Huber to remain uninterned e he was over the age limit as a tant. Yet, in permitting him — an enemy—to remain in civil life and to on his business as if there was no such as a war on, they provided him with ndid opportunity to earn greater profits ever owing to the fact that British graphers have been compelled, through ilitary Service Acts, to give up their ses or to carry them on under great antages.

UBER EXPLAINS HIS POSITION.

Alien But Not An Enemy.

en a "Post Sunday Special" reporter at Huber's studio in Jamaica Street, ustrian proprietor readily discussed his on as an "enemy alien." A sturdily man, about 5 ft. 8 ins. in height, broad dered, and with an iron-grey mous- Huber declared that although he was in Hungary, his sympathies are all the Allies

ber is of Slavonic descent, but he has led all over the world, and knows intimately. "I am in this country e I have authority to remain here the Home Office," he remarked. "My has been in this country for over years, and when war broke out I ap- for naturalisation papers, and not only pay my fees, but I hold the receipt for oney from the Government, although ve not received my naturalisation s yet.

his charge of theft against me is all a lous mistake, and I almost fell down faint when I realised what was up t me. My heart has been nearly at the slights I have had to bear the war, all because I happened to be in Hungary.

ce I came to this country I have worked hard, and paid my way regularly, and I can say that I do not owe any man a single penny.

"Some people who know I was born in Hungary have asked me why I did not return to my native country when the war broke out. But I have no friends in Austria-Hungary. All my friends are in Great Britain, and especially in Scotland. I was admitted to membership of the Freemasons in Scotland, and am a member of the Royal Arch Chapter.

"I have absolutely no sympathy with the Germans or the Austrians in the war, and I know what I would do with them if I had my will. I have never been in Germany all my life, and since I came to Scotland I have had no dealings whatever with foreigners. No one can say I ever did anything, either by word or deed, to assist the enemies of Britain in the war, and the police authorities in Scotland know all about me.

"I am certainly an alien, if being born in Hungary makes one, but I am not an enemy to Great Britain."

INTERN OR REPATRIATE THEM ALL.

Ex-Councillor Whitson's View.

"I really do not understand what the Scottish Aliens Advisory Committee are thinking about in allowing enemy aliens like Huber to move about at sweet liberty when we have had so much evidence recently as to the depth our foes will descend to in their anti-British propaganda," said ex-Councillor Alexander Whitson to a representative of "The Post Sunday Special."

"I have tried to bestir the people of Glasgow to the extent of the enemy peril," continued Mr Whitson, who has been prominent in pressing on the Government a more vigorous sense of their responsibility, "but it is taking them a long time before their official eyes are likely to be opened. It will be just another case of the public clamour for reprisals for air raids on London, I am afraid, but the annoying thing is that our policy of laxity is responsible for fresh Hun intrigues.

"The Scottish Aliens Advisory Committee only display a policy of weakness when their explanation of Augustus Charles Huber's continued presence in this country is due to the fact that he is now over military age as a combatant. All those who have studied this ever-present question of the enemy alien peril know that the Committee have full power to intern all alien enemies of military age, and also to order all over military age to be repatriated. That is as clear as daylight, but there has been so much legal hair-splitting and dipping into technicalities that the danger is allowed to exist, often in presumably innocent, but actually, highly perilous instances.

Intern or Repatriate Them.

"It is surely something almost beyond belief that the people of Glasgow and the rest of the country have to be controlled by an Advisory Committee of two persons, meeting in secret, who come to decisions for exemption, while refusing names of those exempted, or reasons for their exemption, and have to wait until some of these enemy aliens land themselves into Court before they are made aware of the existence in their midst of men and women, not only of enemy origin, but of enemy sympathy. All men of the type of Huber ought to be interned or repatriated without delay. The recent astounding disclosures from Sweden and America ought to have opened the eyes of our responsible authorities to the ever potential danger of Germans and Austrians being permitted to move about and hear what is going on about the war. This Advisory Committee is worse than the Spanish Inquisition. How long will Scotland submit to this indignity?

"There may be one or two white Germans, but they must just suffer for being Germans. We have had so many instances of apparently innocent Teutons, but actually dangerous spies, that we are foolish in the extreme to give a single Hun the benefit of the doubt.

'The disclosures of Mr William Le Queux in "The Post Sunday Special" have in more than one instance led the authorities to take action against suspect aliens, but it does seem rather strange that those who are authorised to exercise strict supervision over this aspect of the war have to be prodded and goaded into taking effective action against those who are out to work harm against Britain in this country.

"My own plan is a drastic one, I know, but this is a terrible war, and sentiment must be jettisoned at present. It is 'intern or repatriate all alien enemies, without exception' It is by making exceptions that grave risks are run. After all, this is not a vindictive measure. It is simply British prudence, and those involved in the 'round up' ought to be thankful that so light a penalty attaches to their enemy origin. It is nothing short of stupid on the part of the Scottish Aliens Advisory Committee to allow any such a man as Augustus Huber to be at large—no matter how long he has been resident in this country.

Unnecessary Mouths.

"Then there's another point which your readers will readily appreciate. Why should we have shoals of enemy aliens in this country when the food supplies are so short? Send the Germans, the Austrians, and the other enemies of Britain back to their own country, and allow them to do the feeding. It simply means that because of the unnecessary mouths in Britain—and I assert that all Germans and Austrians come under that category—there is less food for our own loyal people.

KIRKCALDY M.P.'S RECORD.

SEMI-JUBILEE OF SIR HENRY DALZIEL.

PRESENTED WITH FREEDOM OF BURGH.

Kirkcaldy, Saturday Night.

In recognition of his having completed 25 years of service as member of Parliament for the Kirkcaldy Burghs, Sir Henry Dalziel, M.P., P.C., was this afternoon presented with the freedom of the Burgh of Kirkcaldy.

The ceremony took place in the Opera House in presence of a large assembly.

Sir Robert Lockhart, Provost of the Burgh, presided, and, in presenting the burgess ticket to Sir Henry, said it was an honour not lightly bestowed. With the exception of citizens who offered their services and fought for their country in the South African War, the Burgh had only twelve times in the last 100 years conferred that honour. Amongst illustrious names inscribed on their Burgess Roll were Richard Cobden, the apostle of Free Trade; Sir William Harcourt, once a candidate for Kirkcaldy Burghs; Sir Sandford Fleming, a Kirkcaldy boy, who became one of the builders of their Colonial Empire; the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava; and Mr Asquith, ex-Prime Minister. The last person to receive the honour was Corporal Robert Dunsire, a Kirkcaldy youth of 24 years, who gained the V.C. and was afterwards killed in action. It was to this roll that they now wished to add the name of Sir Henry Dalziel.

Britain's Imperial Destiny.

Sir Henry, in thanking his fellow citizens, said that when he thought of his first election, 25 years ago, he shuddered at the effrontery of his own audacity. Those were the days of the fearless confidence and self-assertion of youth, and he had then only recently attained his majority. He thought it was the Scotsman that called him a radiant boy, and advised him to tarry at Jericho until his beard was grown; and the late Sir Michael Nairn advised him that he had no chance and had better withdraw. His respect for the House of Commons had grown every year since he entered it, and he thought it would be even better if it had more independent members in it. After 25 years' service, he was a firm believer in the future of the British Empire and the greatness of its Imperial destiny.

Speeches were also delivered by Sir Robert Munro, Secretary for Scotland; Mr J. Avon Clyde, K.C., M.P., Lord Advocate for Scotland; and Mr John Barry, ex-M.P. for Wexford.

A second meeting was held in Pathhead Public Hall in the evening. Sir Robert Lockhart again presided.

The meeting was under the auspices of Kirkcaldy Liberal and Radical Association, and was for the purpose of presenting Sir Henry Dalziel with an illuminated address. The hall was well filled, the audience including many ladies.

The chairman made the presentation, congratulating Sir Henry on attaining his semi-jubilee, and expressing their gratitude for the many services he had rendered to his constituents.

Sir Henry Dalziel thanked the Association, and speeches were made by Mr J. W. Pratt, M.P., and Mr M'Callum Scott, M.P.

A HADDOCK FAMINE.

Unheard-of Prices.

Dunbar, Saturday.

Probably never before has there been such an extraordinary dearth of haddocks. It is maintained by the East Coast fishermen that this shortage is mainly attributable to the fact that haddocks have migrated to the outer waters for the time being.

The prevailing scarcity comes as a great hardship to toilers of the deep at a season when there is an exceptional demand, and with prices almost unheard of in living memory.

Sharks and porpoises are reported as being very numerous in the Firth of Forth just now.

IS ICE-CREAM A MEAL?

ITALIAN VENDORS IN GLASGOW SAY "YES,"

BUT FOOD CONTROL COMMITTEE REFUSE SUGAR.

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

Within recent months a good deal has been heard on the subject of what constitutes a "meal" within the meaning of the Act.

It is not so long ago that certain publicans contended that a glass of beer and a sandwich should meet the requirements of the Act, and now we have the Italian ice-cream vendors in Glasgow claiming that a supply of ice-cream should be regarded as quite sufficient to justify the dealers in their claim for the legal allotment of sugar.

Not one but several foreigners had called, during the past week, at the office of the Executive Officer under the Glasgow Food Control Committee, and urged, in more or less broken English, that each supply of ice-cream should be regarded as a "meal" in respect of which they were entitled to the legal allotment of 2-7th of an ounce of sugar.

Requests Turned Down.

But Mr Middlemas was adamant. "We told them at once that we could not possibly give effect to their contention" he explained to a "Post Sunday Special" representative. "It would have meant," he added with a broad smile, "that every hokey-pokey man was entitled to register under the Order, and so obtain his 2-7th of an ounce of sugar for every "slider" sold from his barrow. Of course, the request was "turned down" every time.

Questioned as to the distribution of the sugar cards in Glasgow, Mr Middlemas mentioned that all the cards were now being written for each of the wards, with the exception of the 33d, the 36th, and the 37th, which, in respect of area, represent Cathcart, Partick West, and Shettleston, and Tollcross respectively. By tonight, quite 140,000 sugar cards have been issued, which is well over half of the grand aggregate.

DUNDEE MAN'S TRAGIC DEATH.

POISON TAKEN IN MISTAKE FOR MEDICINE.

Dundee, Saturday.

William M'Lean, a well-known market gardener in the city, has died as the result of taking a dose of poison in mistake for medicine

He went to the kitchen for the purpose of taking his medicine, as he had been in ill-health for some time, and was in the habit of taking a tonic. The room was in darkness, and he lifted what he thought was the correct bottle and took the prescribed dose. He then went to bed, but a little later he complained that he was feeling worse than usual. He said that he thought that there had been something wrong with his medicine.

His wife, on going to examine the bottles, found that he had taken the dose from the bottle containing poison which was kept for the purpose of killing crows. A doctor was called, but despite all that was done for him he passed away.

FIFE SHOOTING ACCIDENT.

Cupar, Saturday.

As a result of a shooting accident, Mr Ivor Sargeant Bond (21), son of Mr Arthur Harper Bond, of London, who in 1913 purchased the extensive Lathbrisk estate in Fife, had his left leg amputated below the knee.

The distressing affair took place while Mr Bond and a friend were out thinning the number of rabbits on his farm near Ladybank. It would appear that in the course of the shoot Mr Bond's friend inadvertently allowed his gun to fall, and instantly there was a loud report, and the young laird was seen to fall to the ground, evidently very seriously injured.

The bullet shattered Mr Bond's leg, and it was found necessary to resort to amputation.

GLASGOW MUNITIONEERS ON PARADE.

CONCEIT OF "C.O."

PLEA OF MAN OF OUTSTANDING ABILITY.

AMUSING CASES AT MILITARY TRIBUNAL.

Glasgow, Saturday.

Amongst several interesting cases dealt with by the Military Appeal Tribunal for Dumbartonshire, held in Glasgow to-day, was one in which a conscientious objector stated in a letter that he was entitled to exemption for his scientific training, outstanding ability, and industry—(laughter)—and closed with a subtle reference that "protection should be got from the vagaries of a foreman whose church I do not attend and an employer whose views are not mine." (Laughter.)

The case was continued.

No Muckle Money Tae Lose.

A carting contractor (33), married, with three children, was asked by the chairman—"Why do you not want to go and fight?"

The Man—I dinna care aboot gaun awa'. Naebody that's mairrit and settl'd doon cares aboot leavin' hame.

Chairman—You do not want to lose money?

The Man—I hivna muckle tae lose. Twa horses, three sets o' hernish, and three cairts.

Chairman—You will never sell them to better advantage.

Carter—I could mak' mair money working than sellin' them.

Chairman—I think you will have to go and fight. We sustain the military appeal, but you will not be called up till 15th November.

Whisky Traveller and County Councillor.

The military representative appealed against the continued exemption of a whisky traveller, who is also a County Councillor.

The military representative said the man's father died and left a business, which was managed by a younger brother, who was refused exemption, but on being called up was found to have gone into a shipyard and secured a trade protection card. His trade could not by any stretch of imagination be called work of national importance.

An agent stated the man was married, with six of a family, and was 42 years of age. He was sole representative for Scotland for Henry Thompson & Co. He was also a member of the County Council, acted on many committees, was an enthusiastic Volunteer, and, on business grounds alone, was entitled to exemption. He was totally unfit for army service, being classed RR.

The Chairman—Is that not sufficient for you?

Agent—No, I am liable to be called up again at the expiry of six months. Apart from his medical category, his public and private work entitled him to exemption.

Chairman—But what is his medical category?

Agent—None.

Chairman—Then what to you want?

Agent—Exemption.

Chairman—You are safeguarded by the fact that if he is foud fit afterwards you can come up for exemption.

Ultimately the military appeal was refused.

MR ASQUITH AND HIS CONSTITUENCY.

"EAST FIFE" TO REMAIN

Ex-Premier's War Services.

Ladybank, Saturday.

Usually an important event consequent on the appearance of Mr Asquith and the deliverance of a great speech by him, the annual meeting of the delegates from East Fife Liberal Association at Ladybank today was a tame affair.

Only fourteen delegates attended, and the meeting was held in one of the ante-rooms of the Masonic Hall. Sir James Scott, Tayport, who presided, read a letter from the ex-Premier, in which he expressed regret that his engagements would not permit him to be present, and the hope that they would be able to arrange a meeting later on in the year or early next year.

The Chairman said that Mr Asquith was hopeful that the division would be known as East Fife and not the St Andrews Division, as was proposed. The inclusion of 19,000 St Andrews Burghs voters would not effect them in the slightest degree. A resolution moved by Mr G. L. Wilson, Newport, was passed, awarding appreciation of the valuable services Mr Asquith was rendering to the nation by his masterly ex positions of its war aims.

MINE UNDER-MANAGERS' WAGES.

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

A large and representative meeting of the Scottish Mine Managers' Association was held this evening in the Christian Institute, Glasgow.

Gratification was generally expressed at the announcement that the coalmasters of Scotland had, on the representation of the Coal Controller, agreed to pay a minimum wage of £4 per week to under-managers.

The majority of those who took part in the debate as to the future action of responsible mine managers to increase, if possible, their emoluments felt that the concession to the under-managers was a hopeful augury for the success of the present agitation by the managers.

The policy to be pursued in pressing the demands of the Association was discussed at length, and interesting developments may shortly be expected.

It was unanimously decided to put forth a request to the colliery owners for a substantial increase of salaries. General regret was expressed that such a body of men should have been compelled to take such action.

OFFICER'S ESCAPE FROM HUN CAMP.

SCOTS GUARDS MAJOR'S DARING FLIGHT TO DUTCH FRONTIER.

STRANGE MEETING WITH OLD COMRADE IN HEART OF GERMANY.

Glasgow, Saturday.

FEW British officers have come through such a succession of terrible ordeals as Major C. B. Fox, D.S.O., Scots Guards, who recently made his escape from a German prison camp at the third attempt, after two years and ten months of captivity.

Major Fox, an athlete and champion sculler, was captured during the first battle of Ypres in October, 1914. At his own expense he is now addressing meetings in various parts of the country, to enlighten the public regarding the brutal treatment meted out by the Huns to their prisoners, and to a deeply-moved Glasgow audience told the story of his terrible experiences while in the hands of our "kultured" enemy.

To quote the gallant Major's own words—"I have fought all over Central Africa, east, south, and north, but for savagery none of the man-eating tribes against whom I fought can approach our 'noble enemy,' the Boche."

The Frenchman's Pay.

"In 1915, after my first unsuccessful attempt at escape," said Major Fox, "I was looked upon by the Germans as some kind of wild beast, and was sent away from the camp to be tried by court-martial. At one station en route where we had two hours to wait I met a French corporal. I went up to him, and said—'Well, how is it going, old chap?' He replied that it wasn't going at all, and in further conversation I learned that he had been put to work in a German coal mine. 'They have driven me down there, and give me the same pay as a German civilian.' I said, 'That's a good pay, isn't it?' With unquenchable French humour he replied, 'Yes, sir, it is. But because I'm a soldier they deduct seventy-five per cent. of it, and from what remains they deduct another twenty-five per cent. for food. In any case, I get my food in parcels from France from my wife. In the end my pay as a miner is enough to buy a packet of cigarettes and a cake of soap!'"

Irish Soldier's Heroism.

Major Fox stated that the British prisoner in Germany has taken the firm resolve never to assist in any way in the production of German munitions. There was one particular Munster Fusilier who was chokeful of this spirit.

After brutal treatment in camp he was sent out to work on a farm, and there was ordered to plant a field with potatoes. Watching his opportunity, the Irishman buried the whole lot of his potatoes in a hole in the ground, and went back and forwards over the field all day making a hole and shoving down a stone, as though hard at work planting. He was detected at last, and did a spell in prison for his action.

But he was a stout-hearted fellow. When he was released he was set to work on a railway, opening the grease boxes of the trains and putting in grease. Then one day a train came along from Messrs Krupp's factory, which, he learned, contained ammunition. He thought to himself, "Well, I can stand another 'strafe' now." So he opened the grease boxes and filled them with sand. The train moved off, and the revolutions of the wheels heated up the bearings, the bearings heated up the ammunition, and, said the Major, "The whole thing went up in the air." That Irishman is now doing two years in the cells for his indomitable spirit.

Leapt From a Train.

Relating his second attempt at escape from Crefeld, Major Fox said that taking advantage of the guards' absence from the carriage, he leapt from a carriage door of the "Berlin Express" about three o'clock one morning. It was then pitch dark, and, falling on a heap of ballast, he broke both his hands, closed his left eye, and sustained other injuries. Finding, however, that his legs were all right, he crossed the railway track, and set off into the country opposite to the side where his guards were now searching for him.

For two days and nights he wandered on without food or water, bumping into trees, owing to his injured eye, until he presented a pathetic spectacle, and covered with blood from head to foot. At the entrance to a village he was caught by two German soldiers. Though he might have been a "pathetic figure" to ordinary men—starving, injured and bleeding—from the point of view of these Huns he was "a bit of England in prime condition to be strafed."

German Brutality.

The two soldiers caught hold of him, knocked him down with their rifles, and kicked him. When he staggered up they knocked him down again and beat him. When hauled into their guardroom he asked for a drop of water. The growled reply was, "Water, schweinhund? No." His clothes were roughly torn off, searched, and as roughly thrown on again. He was then driven along the road through the night to another German camp. Every time he walked against the guard on his left, as a result of his obscured eye, this Hun knocked him down head over heels.

It was a terrible journey, and when at last Major Fox stumbled into another guardroom he collapsed on a form there. A hand came out of the darkness and knocked him off the seat on to the floor, while a voice said, "Stand up, you schweinhund" ("pig dog.") However, by then stand up he could not, and every time he was lifted up he fell down again.

Two hours later he was pushed into a cell which did not look as though it had been cleaned for over a year, and went to sleep, absolutely exhausted. He was aroused by a rat gnawing through his pocket to get at a piece of chocolate there, while other rats were scampering all round. Major Fox went to the window, and kept shouting till he attracted the attention of another British captive. He was at last relieved from his terrible cell through the efforts of Torpedo Gunner Bellingham, who was the recognised head of the British prisoners in this camp. Under Bellingham's direction he was taken to hospital and attended to by Russian doctors. When undressed he was found to be literally covered with fleas from his filthy cell.

In this camp (Brandenburgen Hamel) the prison cell caught fire one night. The cell was long and narrow, and contained a number of Allied captives. When driven to the door by the flames, the German sentry refused to let the prisoners out, although the place was enclosed by barbed-wire entanglements. One of the captives, a British bluejacket, shouted out to the guard, "Let's out, comrade," but he answered, "You get back, schweinhund!" The bluejacket attempted to jump through the window, when the sentry bayoneted him, sending him back dead into the flames.

On seeing this frightful act the other prisoners outside rushed the sentry, and, getting the keys from his belt, opened the door. By this time, however, most of the prisoners had perished in the flames, only three Russians being rescued out of eleven in the hut.

Third Attempt at Escape.

Transferred to Schwamstett Camp, where he was sentenced to three years' imprisonment for his second attempt to escape, Major Fox resolved to make a third effort.

He got out from the camp in the guise of a member of a fatigue party detailed to cut down some trees. While the guards were pouncing on one man, a Gordon Highlander, who had lit a cigarette — a "verboten" crime—to distract attention, the others whispered, "Right oh, Bill, shove off now!" So Major Fox "shoved off." About seven miles from the camp he swam across a wide river that night, having detected German sentries hidden in the bushes near the bridge.

Next morning, while hidden in a thorn bush hedge, the escaped officer saw "a funny-looking creature coming along, with a long smock down to his knees and a big rucksack on his back." He was looking from right to left, and Major Fox, much puzzled, thought he was neither a farmer nor an artist. Looking through the bushes, to his great surprise, he recognised the face of this strange individual as being that of another British officer he knew—Captain C——. It was the oddest meeting imaginable, in the heart of Germany.

Putting out his head, Major Fox cried—"Hallo, C——." C—— jumped into the air, then shook himself, shrugged his shoulders, and walked on hurriedly. Major Fox shouted again, then leaving his shelter, greeted his astonished comrade, who had made his escape several days previously, and knew nothing of Fox's later flight from the camp. C—— told him that he did not credit his ears when he had heard a voice calling his name, but thought he had gone mad from the nerve-tension, loneliness, and silence of this journey! That was why he did not stop.

An Adventurous Journey.

For thirteen days and nights the two officers pushed on to the frontier, swimming rivers and having "a most nervous time." About twelve o'clock one night they crossed the river Ems, and were seven miles from the Dutch frontier. Here they were detected by a spike-helmetted sentry, and within a few minutes cyclist patrols were flying about in all directions, while whistles could be heard all round. They then crept up to a farm, where they stood in a pigsty for a time.

When the whistling died down the fugitives crept out and started to run across a swamp, Fox being in his socks. Half-way across they were detected by two German sentries, who came towards them, when the pair separated. The Huns gave chase to Fox, who, being without much clothing, and light-footed, quickly outdistanced the heavy-booted sentinels, encumbered with their rifles and equipment. From this time he lost trace of Captain C——.

Lying down, Major Fox dug a hole in the swamp, covered himself over, and spread heather on his face. Not long afterwards he heard the tinkling of bells and panting breathing near him. Raising himself, he saw that a flock of sheep were round him, while on either side were German soldiers with hounds going over the swamp. Evidently they took it for granted that the object of their search could not be near the sheep without alarming them, and consequently did not search that part of the morass. Major Fox lay hidden there all that day (a Sunday).

At night he resumed his journey, and eventually crossed the frontier.

Noticing a man approaching in the darkness several hours later, he bounded on to the road in front of him and demanded, "Are you a Deutschmann (German)?" "No, no, no," replied the startled man, a flat-capped Dutch sentry, shaking with fright.

"Are you a Hollander?" then asked Major Fox. "Yes, yes, yes," answered the sentry, in still terrified accents.

When he had recovered from his shock, the Dutch soldier led Major Fox to a cottage, where he got a splendid meal of warm food and coffee. His trial of endurance was successfully ended.

LATEST NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

FROM ALL PARTS OF SCOTLAND.

BY WIRE AND 'PHONE.

A severe hailstorm was experienced in Edinburgh yesterday afternoon.

The Airdrie and district lifeboat flag day realised over £47, notwithstanding the unpropitious nature of the weather.

Private Alick Graham, Seaforths, a prominent member of Stenhousemuir Cricket Club, has been killed in action.

Over £30 was realised from the sale of flags at Cupar yesterday for the Scottish Women's Hospitals for Foreign Service.

Mr John M'Clelland, Merkland, Dalmuir, has been appointed organist and choirmaster of the Bridgend United Free Church, Dumbarton.

Mr James Smith has been appointed, along with Mr P. Rodger Patrick, to the joint agency of the Clydesdale Bank of Hamilton and Burnbank.

A well-known Vale of Leven boxer and wrestler, Sergeant Harry Caldwell, of the Dumbartonshire Territorials, has been wounded for the third time.

Councillor J. H. Murray, who has been appointed executive officer to the Food Control Committee, has resigned from the Helensburgh Town Council.

A largely-attended meeting of colliery clerks was held in Hamilton yesterday, the object being to press for better emoluments in view of the high cost of living.

Detective-Constable Hugh M'Lelland has been appointed keeper of the Courthouse at Dunoon. He has been long associated with police administration in the Clyde resort.

Yesterday the dead body of a male child was discovered in a back green between Friars Croft Street and Church Street, Irvine. The body was fully developed.

Intimation has been received by Mrs Donley, 13 Gordon Terrace, Carron Road, Falkirk, of the death from wounds of her husband, Second-Lieutenant David C. B. Donley, East Lancs.

. The staff of outside departments of the Caledonian Railway Company (Buchanan Street Station), has presented a former employee, Corporal Michael M'Nulty, of the Royal Irish Rifles, with several gifts in recognition of his having won the Military Medal.

During the past week 994 sailors and soldiers passing through Larbert Station were supplied with cups of tea and coffee and sandwiches by the ladies of the Red Cross Rest Station. The grand total of men served with refreshments now amounts to 95,519.

Mr and Mrs James Condie, Gladstone Place, Airdrie, have received official intimation that their son, Private John Condie, Gordon Highlanders, has been awarded the Military Medal for "gallantry and devotion to duty in action." He is 21 years of age.

The Congregational Committee of Dudyvan Parish Church have nominated the Rev. Charles Mackinnon, M.A., Shettleston Parish, in connection with the vacancy caused by the death of Rev. Andrew Robertson. A vote of the congregation will be taken by ballot on Tuesday, 23rd Oct.

The appointment of Mr William M'Gruther, Bonnybridge, as secretary and manager of Methil Co-Operative Society, creates a vacancy in the Falkirk Landward School Board, of which he has been a member for the past eleven years. During the last four years Mr M'Gruther has been chairman of the Board.

Lance-Corporal William Currie, son of Robert Currie, Kirkgate, Irvine, has been killed in attempting to save a wounded comrade. Two other Irvine lads have fallen in France—Private Hugh Munro, Friars' Croft, and Corporal John Gough. Munro was the youngest son of Mr David Munro, and Gough the fourth son of Mr Thomas Gough, caddie-master of Irvine Golf Club.

POLES' NOVEL DEMAND.

COMPENSATION CLAIMED FOR WAGES LOST

IN TRAVELLING BACK TO RUSSIA.

Hamilton, Saturday.

The Lithuanian miners throughout Lanarkshire, and their number will not be far short of 2000, who are under orders to return forthwith to Russia, are on the whole somewhat reluctant to leave a sphere where they have enjoyed fairly regular employment at rates quite on a level with the Scottish miner.

Preparations for the departure of the aliens are proceeding apace, but this morning it transpired that the chief spokesmen of the Lithuanians in Lanarkshire are to the fore with a new request.

Members of Union.

As is generally known, the foreign miners have all been loyal members of the Lanarkshire Miners' Union, and to-day the good offices of the Executive of the Union are being sought to press a claim upon the British Government for monetary compensation in respect of the time and wages lost in travelling from this country to Russia.

Quite a number of the Lithuanians called at the headquarters of the Union this morning to represent this novel demand for compensation, but, of course, it is difficult to see what the Union officials can do.

It is possible, however, that the representations which the more prominent Polish miners have put forward on behalf of their compatriots may be conveyed to the Government by the Executive of the Union, and it is understood if this step is taken the aliens will be quite satisfied.

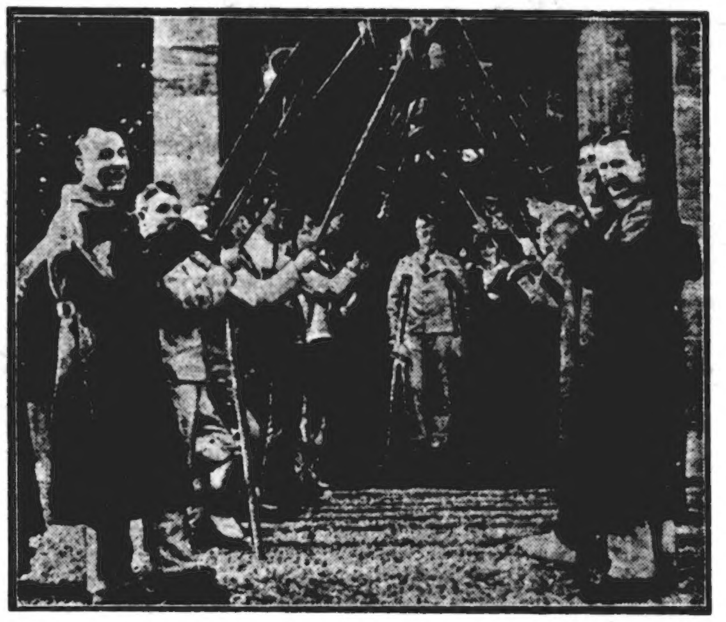
"We Have Got to Live."

Seen to-day by a "Post" representative, one of the leading spokesmen amongst the Poles indicated quite frankly that he and his compatriots were grateful for the asylum they had found in Scotland in pre-war times and at the present stage. They were not making their claim through any spirit of niggardliness or greed, but merely as a clear matter of business.

They felt that either the British or the Russian Government should compensate them for the loss which they and their families would sustain by the transference to Russia.

"We Poles," he pithily added, "have got to live even in times of war."

A WEDDING ARCH OF CRUTCHES.



Private Robert Milligan, A. and S. Highlanders, at present an inmate of Monifieth War Hospital, was married to Miss Barbara Farrell at Monifieth Parish Church Manse. Both parties belong to Glasgow. On emerging from the Manse the bridegroom's comrades formed an arch of crutches, under which the happy couple passed. The patients and staff of the hospital presented the bridegroom with a number of Treasury notes. Private Milligan was wounded at Arras.

GREAT HARVEST OF POTATOES.

Schools Closed To Permit Children Assisting.

Haddington, Saturday.

In marked contrast to the failure of the potato crop last year, this season's crop of potatoes in East Lothian is one of the finest and heaviest yields for some years.

Many hundreds of additional men, women, and children have been employed by the farmers to assist the ordinary staff of workers, and in this connection numerous schools in the county have been closed for some weeks in order to permit the pupils to assist in the work.

Operations were to-day, as frequently since the month opened, entirely suspended owing to the heavy rainfall, and what gives rise for even more concern to growers is the presence in the mornings of keen frost, as the tubers may become nipped.

In the event of this valuable crop being got into pits in good condition, there should be ample to meet all wants not only in Scotland, but London and other English centres, to which thousands of tons are forwarded annually.

Information has been received in Helensburgh of the death in action on 22nd August, of Lieutenant Charles W. Hewer, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, previously reported missing.

STOCK EXCHANC NOTES.

SOME HIGH-YIELDIN INDUSTRIALS.

(Specially Contributed to "The Po Sunday Special.")

London, Satu

The unexpected happens on the St as well as everywhere else.

Some people had been under the [illegible] the National War Bond issue would [illegible] on investment in the markets, but [illegible] has been the case, and the very [illegible] War Bonds has awakened interest [illegible] ment markets, and unlocked consi [illegible] of money, which are now finding [illegible] the markets for employment.

Every class of stock is benefiting [illegible] Per Cent. War Loan and Consols, do [illegible] speculative type of mining share

At the same time, discrimination [illegible] the intending investor is as necess

Progress of Industrials.

Industrials have continued a prin [illegible] speculative investors in the north [illegible] interest is being shown in Munition [illegible] ticipation of the early publication [illegible] the combine.

Shipping stocks, too, are well to [illegible] feature being Indo-China Deferred [illegible] ticipations either of a bonus or [illegible] over by the P. & O. Company, and [illegible] building Eight Per Cent. Prefs. at [illegible] which, belonging to the Furness grou [illegible] well to the fore.

Another attractive share, in view of the big [illegible] obtainable, is Birmingham Small Ar [illegible] 2¾.

Other high-yielding industrials are [illegible] ber Ordinary at 4 21-32, and Pa [illegible] Tyre [illegible] ferred at 56s, the latter having a [illegible] yield [illegible] the shares of the former company [illegible] ported, is about to capitalise £500 [illegible] and distribute it as a share bonus amongst holders.

Philosophy of the Rubber Market

The Rubber market showed its ph [illegible] the past week by the reception it a [illegible] to various dividend announcements. Those that [illegible] satisfactory have generally been followed by a [illegible] in the prices of the shares. Where the reverse [illegible] been the case, the market has simply shrugge [illegible] shoulders, and the shares have not been the [illegible] for it.

A good deal of interest now attaches to the [illegible] coming dividend announcement of the Ba [illegible] Java, and the market would not be surpris [illegible] the distribution for the year were made u [illegible] 30 per cent., as compared with 20 per cent. [illegible] the previous year, so that there are considera [illegible] possibilities in the shares at their present [illegible] of about 2¼.

Some of the lower-priced shares, to [illegible] are co [illegible] along hand over fist, but in their [illegible] there [illegible] certain danger of the movement being overdon

Oils Present Numerous Features

Although Oil shares have moved [illegible] une [illegible] fashion, good features have predominated, [illegible] latest amongst which is a fresh demand for [illegible] make up to 6 13-16 on revived [illegible] bonus distribution.

The demand for Anglo-Egyptian B has [illegible] stimulated by a big weekly return, and these [illegible] are now over 29s, while Suez Oil have improv [illegible] sympathy.

Trinidad Leaseholds have been prominent at 26s, rumours of an advantageous contract ha [illegible] offset the somewhat disappointing return for [illegible] tember.

Kern Rivers have been bought moderately [illegible] the deduction of the dividend, and now stan [illegible] 9s 6d ex div. These shares should certainly [illegible] worth at least their face value of 10s apiec

Features of the Mining Market.

Kaffirs are moving somewhat irregularly, but [illegible] strongest shares are New Modderfontein and [illegible] der Deep, both of which are likely to imp [illegible] further.

Some of the Far Easterns will probably rise [illegible] Johannesburg is waking up.

Amongst Rhodesians, Chartered shares are [illegible] the best, but some of the low-priced shares [illegible] as Bwana M'Kubwa and Rhodesian Broken [illegible] bid fair to rise further, as there is a strong de [illegible] for them.

Tin was again in the ascendant at £246 12 [illegible] for cash, and amongst Tin Mines there has [illegible] a strong flutter in Gold Coast Consolidated L [illegible] which have taken a jump to 2s.

Silver is out of the running just now owin [illegible] a further fall to 44¼d, and there is not [illegible] prospect for either of the Barriers or the [illegible] Mines until the metal improves again. Just [illegible] the supply of the metal is greater than demand.

A GLASGOW PEDLAR'S LOAN.

AMUSING CASE IN DUNOON SHERIFF COU

Dunoon, Saturday

There was some amusement in a case he [illegible] in Dunoon Sheriff Court in which Pat Donnelly, pedlar, Glasgow, sued Susan R [illegible] or Scott, North Edward Street, Dunoon, [illegible] payment of £1 as a loan given her in J [illegible] last.

The pursuer told the Court that he vis [illegible] Dunoon regularly and stayed with defen [illegible] paying her sixpence a night for the lodg [illegible] In June she asked him for the loan of [illegible] pound, and he gave it to her receiving [illegible] return a note of hand written by defen [illegible] The pound was for the purpose of gett [illegible] the house in order for the July rush [illegible] visitors. She told him a parcel of lies ab [illegible] a mortgage on her house.

Defender stated that she told him of [illegible] loss of her mother, and in his sympathy [illegible] her he said he would have given her [illegible] He gave her a pound, but not as a loan [illegible] she went out for a message and bro [illegible] him back 17s.

In answer to the Sheriff, she said it [illegible] spirits she went for. Pursuer thought [illegible] was landed for a home, and wanted to [illegible] master of the house. He sat singing to [illegible] in the morning, and she was glad to [illegible] him away.

The Sheriff—Why did you want him [illegible] get away?

Defender—Because he was a per [illegible] nuisance singing all night.

The Sheriff—The note of hand seems [illegible] traordinary.

The defender was made to write severa [illegible] the words on a piece of paper.

The Sheriff, examining the writings, [illegible] there were one or two letters that were [illegible] similar that he could not take it as a [illegible] accident, and he gave decree to the [illegible] suer with expenses.

COWARDLY ASSAULT A GREENOCK.

Greenock, Saturda

A Greenock riveter named [illegible] Wi [illegible] was to-day fined £5 for a cowardly as [illegible] committed on a lady. Complainer [illegible] travelling on a tramcar, and without [illegible] provocation the accused turned round [illegible] struck her a blow on the face. When [illegible] husband came to his wife's assist [illegible] Wilson, in attempting to escape [illegible] of him by the jacket and pushed him d [illegible] the stair.

GERMAN FLEET MUST COME OUT SOON

OR IT WILL GO IN PIECES FROM MUTINY AND DISSENSION.

BY MAURICE PRENDERGAST.

London, Saturday Night.

HIS war has produced many surprises, but few of its sensations can rival the lation of the attempted mutiny in the many Navy. It has startled the British k, but what a bombshell for the German people!

appreciate the astonishment one must rstand the conditions of discipline in German Navy. From the day of his into the German Fleet the German has three principles drilled and hed into his soul—devotion to the War obedience to his officers, and discipinstant and unquestioning. The least ation from these maxims was detected vigilant and active ships' police, organnot only for dealing with petty crimes, for crushing the least attempt at cond rebellion. Where punishment was red it was meted out in the most vine manner to make the offender a kind arful example.

hough often ill-treated and oppressed, German lower deck displayed the most e and subservient spirit. As a possimutiny in the German Fleet appeared ely as a voyage to the moon. What led up to this astonishing change? The chief reasons are bad treatment and bad The German bluejackets are not led; are rather driven through their duty their officers and petty officers. The room and the mess deck are kept as asunder as the poles; there is no bond mpathy between the officers and men. ead, there is a system of Prussian bully. The officers bully the petty officers; petty officers bully the men.

recollect a nice scandal that occurred in German Navy about May, 1914. A officer brutally ill-treated one of his for several months, and wound up by ing the man to strip and crawl inside red hot stokehole of a boiler. The vicdied of his injuries. Opinion in the Bri- Navy was that such a brute ought to been shot. Instead, he got off with a months' imprisonment, his crime being doned as a mere excess of disciplinary with a refractory recruit.

"crack" ships with a reputation for rds to keep up, the driving system was ed up to breaking point. One such l was the cruiser Mainz. When seen ing at the battle of the Bight, the ers were firing at the men with reers. This was the first insight the c got into German disciplinary hods.

ext there is bad food—a prolific cause of ities among seamen. Deserters from enemy's fleet have said that the food become both meagre and bad beyond f. Bad pay is another cause. The mans were taught to regard our navy as mere mercenary hirelings to excuse miserable pittance given to their own rs. The German lower-deck man has or no money to spare for his depend- When his family write now begging money, saying they can neither get food, es, nor boots, paper victories and ches by the War Lord will not smother nascent dissatisfaction.

The Chief Grievance.

me of the oldest German battleships are to have been stripped of their big guns gunners, both being sent to increase the ery power of the German Army on the ern front. Other men are said to have drafted into the trenches, particularly Belgian coast defence work. But the marine service has been a greater source grievance. At first volunteers were ind, inducements being offered in the way extra food, pay, and leave. Recruits plenty at first, but their experiences not correspond with the roseate pictures submarine life as pictured by the Ger- Admiralty. Far from it! Voluntary stment began to fail, and compulsory s were adopted for the U boats.

fter all, the real cause of insubordination lie deeper. The true authors of the chief are those responsible for the higher mand of the German Navy and the cy they have pursued. Shut a fleet up harbour, with all the attractions of shore near at hand, and morale at once begins drop and go to pieces. People wonder the strange mania our Admiralty has for ping queer old hulks in the backwaters our naval harbours for use as training s. We are old hands at the game, and w what the Germans do not know—ely, that men afloat, even if it be in a moored ten feet from a jetty, will keep r morale. For that reason we have e to do with shore barracks. But tie a up to the shore, and the less-disciplined will start thinking about illicit ways of ing "on the beach" and "going on a d." Then discipline starts to sag.

fleet, kept at sea and working, will p its mettle. But a fleet, boxed up in bour behind impregnable fortifications, ng nothing, begins to rot slowly and ely. In the Chine-Japanese War, the nish-American War, and the Russoanese War, the fleet that stuck in port ays fought badly and lost. Their oppots, that kept the seas, fought well and n. The German admirals have played for ety and taken no risks. They have kept r ships shut up, safe from British guns. in doing so they have started and rished an internal cancer in their fleet is slowly but surely destroying the ting power of the Kaiser's battle adron. To speak colloquially, it is the admirals who have cooked their goose by the "do nothing" form of the fl policy.

inions differ as to the magnitude of the r people aver that the mischief become so widespread Von Capelle could longer hush it up. On the other hand, it is said the rebellion is only a trivial incident, exaggerated purposely for making a political attack on the Socialists. In support of the former theory it may be stated that the internal condition of the German Fleet has long been under suspicion. In the summer of 1915 certain acts of sabotage were committed on board German warships at Kiel, and there is believed to have been a mutiny in one ship. One or two persons who tried to give details, in private letters to relatives inland, were severely punished by heavy sentences. Deserters who reached Holland last December said that the lower deck discipline at Wilhelmshaven was getting so bad, the authorities were trying to crush the malcontents with summary and drastic punishments.

Will the German Navy Go to Sea?

We are over the top of the hill and are driving Germany down. One wonders how the end will come—by gradual decline, or will the great military machine suddenly crumble and crash to the ground? The decay in the German Navy is important, but we must not argue from our own conditions to that of Germany. With us our fleet is essential, with Germany her fleet is a luxury, and has proved more or less of an incumbrance during the war. Without a navy we could not carry on for a month. As for Germany, were all her battleships and cruisers at the bottom of the sea, she could still fight with U boats. And even if the submarines were completely destroyed, she could still fight on land.

But a rebellious navy, demanding peace, would be a force that the German Government could not ignore. Hence we come to this serious and unexpected development. Will the German Navy have to go to sea and fight soon? We have found it impossible so far to bring pressure to bear on Germany from without to make her fleet fight. Our hopes have lain in some force from within Germany which would drive the High Sea Fleet out to sea. Such forms of "compulsion from within" all embody some prediction of political disturbance within Germany, such as threatened civil rebellion following military disaster, pressure of our blockade and starvation, and a last naval gamble by the tottering military caste of rulers.

Mutiny in the navy comes under this heading. It is a "force from within." If insubordination in the fleet cannot be crushed entirely, the German command must face the question of making the fleet fight before it becomes useless through internal anarchy. The German Navy has cost millions of pounds and years of labour to build. If it is to be lost, the choice lies between losing it in battle or letting it go to ruin in harbour. To go down fighting, even against the heaviest odds, is a more fitting end for a great fleet, and where, although destroyed, it could certainly damage our fleet in a hard-fought battle. The other choice is exhibiting to a depressed people the spectacle of scuttled Dreadnoughts, dockyards on fire, and wild excesses, such as those committed by Russian sailors in the recent Revolution. It would be a case of "between two evils, choose the lesser one," sending the fleet to fight.

A Growing Menace.

It is difficult to arrive at the true proportion of matters from published reports. We must discern if Von Capelle is putting the best face on a serious and growing menace, or if he has been ordered to exaggerate trivial episodes, to attack the Socialist Party. For the past ten years the German Admiralty has lectured and taught to the people, through its hired scribes and the German Navy League, that the German lower deck was unsurpassed for physique, patriotism, efficiency, and energy. And the German people have swallowed this teaching as Gospel truth. Why, then, should Von Capelle publicly wash his dirty linen? Why should he blurt out these astounding facts in the middle of a war, when the people must be instructed to close their ranks behind the fighting forces? Why should "our invincible navy," "unsere flotte," which "broke the nimbus of British invincibility at Jutland," be exhibited as seething with discontent?

To use a fleet mutiny in time of war, for the purpose of political or party manœuvre, is so dangerous and criminal an expedient, one doubts if Von Capelle has been painting the picture blacker than it is. His own words show that he is trying to slur over a most dangerous situation. If insubordination is growing within the High Sea Fleet there can be only one conclusion. That fleet must come out and fight before it goes in pieces from internal dissensions.

U.S. Going Great Guns.

In the matter of getting ready, the United States is "going great guns." Mr Daniels, the secretary of the navy, has announced that 278 warships of all classes are building, from super-Dreadnoughts down to submarine-chasers. The big programme, passed in 1916, provided for 147 warships of all types, the last of which was not to be begun till the end of 1918. So America is 131 ships and fourteen months ahead of her pre-war building programme. It is said that a hundred or more new destroyers are building or in hand, these boats being of a new and splendid type. In addition, liners, cargo ships, tankers, yachts, tugs, and other craft are being bought up, and converted into naval auxiliaries or army transports.

The two big German liners, Vaterland and Kaiser Wilhelm II., have nearly been repaired and have got new names. The huge Vaterland has been rechristened the Leviathan, and the Kaiser Wilhelm II. is now known as the Agamemnon.

OUR MAGNIFICENT EFFORT.

GERMAN PRAISE FOR BRITISH ARMY.

FATHERLAND PARTY DENOUNCED.

(Specially Contributed.)

Commenting on the fighting in Flanders, Britain is giving her Allies some stiff riddles to solve, says the Berliner Tageblatt. Not long ago Britain let the Germans understand that they would not think lightly of American help in the near future, and yet she seems to be sacrificing her last gasp before this help arrives.

Britain may pretend to laugh at the U-boat campaign, yet her land forces are trying desperately to get at Zeebrugge. Britain has at present overtaken the heaviest battle fronts, and is preceding the Entente almost too hastily in the great battles in the West. She is trying to storm the wall in Flanders with such strength that the whole world is holding its breath. We are witnessing the most terrible sacrifice of life, and see that the British are juggling with three mighty plans at the same time, in Flanders, before Ypres, and before Lens.

They sent ten divisions against a front of twelve kilometres before Ypres, and we must say that, even although they only fulfil a third of their plans, the effort is magnificent. It must have cost them a great deal to gather together ten whole fighting divisions. Undoubtedly their idea is to break through the German defences.

Yet the terrible impressions of British gunfire have not caused a single German company to give in. The men fought on for their homeland, and the Englishmen collected heroes as prisoners, men who were bleeding or who had madness in their eyes.

The Pan-Germans Condemned.

The Social Democrats, who have a large part of the German people behind them, despite the Reichstag vote, see that something drastic must be done to save Germany from being totally disabled and exhausted by the continuation of the war. They have started a big campaign against the Pan-German party in the Vorwarts. Here is the condemnation of the "war-to-the-last-dog party":—"The Pan-Germans are the most ardent supporters of German Imperialism. Their particular hall-mark is their adoration and craving for pure military might and brutal selfish power, which are to them the only mediums of a world's rule. That is true both in their home policy and in their foreign policy. They are striving for a wide expansion of the German Empire abroad, and the subjugation and annexation of neighbouring lands, as well as the possession of large colonies. At home they wish with the same brutal force to keep down the working classes and oust democracy. Their noisy behaviour and bearing has helped greatly to sow the seeds of prejudice and mistrust with which all Germans are now regarded abroad, and which is revenging itself bitterly on us at present.

"The men who stand behind the pan-Germans are few in number but powerful in their influence. Idealists, professors, and the pensioned military caste behind them, are those circles who are making big profits out of the war, men who do not need to fear for their commercial existence; above all, munition magnates and large land proprietors. They are drawing on inexhaustible springs of money, and are buying up newspapers which up till now had no special political views, to change them into their press organs.

"The pan-Germans are fighting desperately to keep the eyes of the German nation turned away from the truth—namely, that the continuation of this war means the suicide of European kultur. The Pan-Germans are deceiving the nation and fostering the belief that no peace is possible, when, with the present spirit of negotiation and understanding, a peace might be concluded before the universal exhaustion of the German nation makes it necessary"

£500 REWARD

Offered by "The Post Sunday Special."

Disclosures of a sensational nature (the Central News is informed) may be expected at an early date in London in connection with the Bolo Pasha peace plots.

Within recent weeks, as a result of investigations by the French and British Secret Service, information has come into the possession of the Allied Governments which, it is understood, indicates that Germany, through numerous agitators and agents operating in certain centres, has been preparing to launch a desperate pacific campaign amongst the civilian population of Great Britain.

It is stated that by means of colossal bribes the German Government sought to control various enterprises with a view to undermining public opinion on the prosecution of the war.

The Hun schemes were entrusted to "mediums," not all of whom were of enemy nationality. No expense was to be spared to ensure the success of the Berlin coup.

The French Judicial Commissioners who have been sent to London to conduct further inquiries regarding Bolo Pasha's associates in this country have documentary evidence, which affords the most complete proof of Germany's "peace" plots in all the Allied capitals.

Bolo Pasha, a Frenchman in Fresnes Prison, is alleged to have received through the Deutsche Bank £300,000 for peace propaganda in France.

The above statement was issued by a responsible news agency this week, and in connection with it "The Post Sunday Special" offers £500 reward for definite information that will lead to the conviction in a Court of Justice of any person or persons acting as paid agents of an enemy Power, and as such engaged in any illegal act or conspiracy in this country against the interests of the Realm.

All such information must be communicated confidentially in the first instance to the Editor of "The Post Sunday Special," by whom it will be duly transmitted to the proper authorities. The Editor reserves to himself the right of determining any point arising in connection with the reward, and all information must be communicated on the understanding that his decision will be final.

No Government, Secret Service, or police official is eligible for this Reward.

WHEN THE WAR WILL BE DECIDED.

HINDENBURG LINE WILL SNAP LIKE ROTTEN BRANCH OF TREE.

By GUY L'ESTRANGE.

(OVER "POST" SPECIAL WIRE).

London, Saturday Night.

THE break-up of the weather has involved the calling of a halt in Sir Douglas Haig's operations for the capture of the remaining eminences of the Passchendaele Ridge.

That he was able to launch two offensives in the course of the week was the marvel of everyone who knows anything of the state of the ground on the Flanders front, pitted as it is with shell holes and flooded in every direction by the overflows from swollen streams and rivulets.

Sir Douglas Haig does not disguise the fact that on Friday we failed to attain our objectives. The new push started well enough, but it was found impossible to go forward in the weather conditions which prevailed. To continue would probably have involved heavy casualties, and even then might have failed to achieve the positions the men have been set to win.

Sir Douglas Haig puts a price on everything, and beyond that price he has shown more than once that he is not prepared to go. More happily placed than the Germans, he can afford to wait. For the most optimistic military commander hardly imagines now that it is possible to obtain a military decision in the war before the present autumn comes to an end. Yet we are creeping forward yard by yard and mile by mile to positions which, if they can be held, must inevitably give us a military decision in the early spring of next year. And the confident belief is that they will be held.

The British armies in Flanders have established a military ascendancy over the enemy which Von Hindenburg with his utmost efforts finds it impossible to break. He brings divisions from the East, he even brings them from the Champagne; but though the whole weight of Germany's military resources are being flung into this narrow gap east of Ypres the German legions are being steadily pressed back.

Every week we conquer fresh territory and release more and more villages from the iron hoof of the invader. Poelcapelle, to which the enemy attached an importance second only to that which they rightly ascribe to Passchendaele, is now once more in our hands. The Houthulst forest is hemmed in on two sides, and heavily fortified though it is, will be speedily untenable when the weather permits us to go forward once more and clear out the Germans from the ruins of Passchendaele.

During the past week there have been many indications that Grmany is rent with internal discord. But bad as the political situation may be in Berlin, the military situation is still worse. It is probable indeed that the disunion which manifests itself in the Fatherland is directly due to Germany's appreciation that what is now happening in Flanders marks the beginning of the end.

The Hindenburg line still holds, and if we were to judge of the results of the 1917 campaign by the amount of territory we have forced the enemy to uncover, there would be comparatively little show for all the efforts of the past six months. But this is not the true test. The Hindenburg line may indeed remain intact. But it has been steadily weakened for weeks past, and next spring, when America adds her weight to the struggle, it will snap like the rotten branch of a tree, unless Von Hindenburg anticipates the inevitable and seeks to prolong the war by falling back on new, shorter and more easily defended lines.

British and French troops have now fought their way to the Houthulst Forest, the great wood immediately to the north of Poelcapuelle of which the Duke of Marlborough declared that the army holding Houthulst Forest held Flanders. Military science and strategy have undergone some modification since Marlborough's time, but in the countryside round and about Houthulst and Roulers still reposes the key to the possession of the Flanders country.

When once this fact is fairly grasped you appreciate the significance of the desperate fighting that has been proceeding north and east of Ypres during the past four weeks. The Passchendaele Ridge, which is the local objective for which Sir Douglas Haig has been striving, is in itself nothing more than a slight eminence in the flat country which stretches for miles on either side.

In the piping days of peace it would only excite passing notice as a slight hill from which, on a fine morning, the church spires of Bruges might be seen miles away to the north. A golf architect might have been attracted by its possibilities in providing natural hazards on the links. But in the royal and ancient game of war these low-lying hills are a veritable Gibraltar.

On their possession depends the possession also of Western Belgium, and the possession of the Belgian coast. The moment that the entire Passchendaele Ridge passes into British hands sounds the death-knell of German occupation of Ostend and Zeebrugge.

A True Instinct.

In striking where he has, Sir Douglas Haig has shown true instinct. The position on the Ypres front cannot be retrieved, as on the Somme, by a mere local readjustment of the enemy's line. The enemy's entire defensive system in the West depends upon the possession of those thirty miles of Belgian coast, the fate of which now hangs in the balance.

On the Somme Von Hindenburg, by uncovering a few square miles of territory, was able to fall back on prepared lines in his rear which, whilst not so satisfactory as the heights he was forced to abandon, yet enabled him to maintain his Western line intact so long as the Crown Prince was able to hold up General Neville along the Aisne and in Champagne.

If General Neville had been more kindly dealt with by the weather, and had succeeded in breaking through the German front on the Aisne, he would have effected in the south what Sir Douglas Haig, with greater resources at his disposal, now bids fair to achieve in the north. He would have turned the flank of the entire German line in the West, and would have forced a retirement which might have extended from the sea in the north to the Champagne in the south, and could hardly have stopped short of the natural defensive line of the Meuse.

Will the Germans Retire?

Sooner or later Germany will have to face the necessity of a big retirement in the West

It has been suggested that even the fall of Roulers would not necessarily involve anything more than the evacuation of Ostend and the uncovering of the southern half of the Belgian coast. As a temporary expedient this might serve, but it would be nothing more than the postponement of the larger decision.

Already Von Hindenburg must be weighing the possibilities and relative advantages and disadvantages of other defensive lines nearer to his own frontier.

Military experts are of opinion that two alternatives lie before him. It is always possible, of course, that the war may be fought out to a finish on very much the ground on which the opposing armies now stand.

If this expectation were realised, the end of the war would assuredly be very much nearer than most people conceive. Von Hindenburg may elect, however, to defer the evil day by falling back on the new and shorter lines. He might retire during the winter or in the early spring to what is known as the line of the Meuse continued up to the west of Namur, and just covering Brussels and Antwerp. This would reduce the enemy's defensive line in the West to a total length of about two hundred miles—a saving of some forty miles only as compared with the present line.

Liege-Metz Line.

The second alternative involves a still more considerable retirement, but carries with it the advantage of a much more drastic shortening of the line. The Germans might take up very strong positions following their own frontier in the south, striking through the Ardennes and covering Liege.

This would reduce by rather more than a third the total length of the line they are are at present called upon to defend. Moreover, it has on its front the three great fortresses of Liege, Thionville, and Metz, and embraces the easily defensible country of the Ardennes in the centre and the Vosges in the south.

From the political point of view, moreover, it preserves German territory intact, and, by uncovering the whole of northern France and practically the whole of Belgium, would give free rein to the enemy's peace overtures.

Nevertheless, such a retirement as this would be an unmistakable admission of defeat, and it is as certain as anything can be that any project of this kind will be hotly opposed by the pan-Germans

Pamela Tells Lutchester about Her Uncle's Treasure Chest.

The Girl From New York

A Tale of the Secret Service

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

The Beginning of the Story.

Pamela Van Teyl, a beautiful American girl, is believed by

Oscar Fischer, an American millionaire, of German origin, to be in possession of the stolen formula of a wonderful new explosive.

Nikasti, a Japanese, wants the formula for Japan, but

John Lutchester, a languid Englishman, whose sole interest appears to be sport, intervenes on Pamela's behalf when she is hard pressed by Fischer and the Jap.

Fischer believes that he has secured the formula, and that it is now in Germany. Nikasti is given a letter from the Kaiser, urging the Emperor of Japan to desert the Allies and attack America.

Lutchester succeeds in reading the letter. He tells the Jap that this is but a trick of Germany's, and says he will bring him evidence that will prove Germany's duplicity.

Lutchester surprises Pamela by proving that Britain has all the time been in possession of the formula of the new explosive.

Fischer ingratiates himself with Senator Hastings (Pamela's uncle), with the view to using him on behalf of Germany, and promising an alliance against Japan.

Lutchester is questioned by Count Ziduski, an Austrian, regarding the abrupt departure of the French singer, Mademoiselle Sonia, from New York.

"She was engaged in carrying out espionage work on your behalf," Lutchester replies. "I believe I may say that she will do so no more. She has gone back to her country to work for the Red Cross there. So far as I am concerned, that is the end."

CHAPTER XXXII.—Continued.

THE two men walked a few steps further in unbroken silence. Then the Count raised his hat.

"Mr Lutchester," he said, "yours is the reply of an honourable enemy. I might have trusted you, but with Sonia is half of my life. I offer you my thanks"

He strolled away, and Lutchester rejoined his young friend.

"The lion and the lamb seem to have parted safely!" the latter exclaimed. "Now sit by my side and I will show you interesting things. Those four irreproachable young men over there in tennis flannels are all from the German Embassy. The two elder ones behind are Austrians. All those women are the wives of Senators who sympathise with Germany. Their husbands look like it, don't they? To-day they have an addition to their ranks—the thin, elderly man there, whose clothes were evidently made in London. That's Senator Hastings. He is a personal friend of the President. Jove, what a beautiful girl with Mrs Hastings!"

"That," Lutchester told him, "is the young lady to whom you have just sent a card of invitation for to-night."

"Then here's hoping that she comes," Philip Downing observed, finishing his glass of mint julep. "Is she a pal of yours?"

"Yes, I know her," Lutchester admitted.

"Let's go and butt in, then," Downing suggested. "I love breaking up these little gatherings. You'll see them all stiffen when we come near. I hope they haven't got hold of Hastings, though."

The two men rose to their feet and crossed the lawn. Fischer, who had suddenly appeared in the background, whispered something in Mrs Hastings' ear. She swung round to Pamela, a second too late. Pamela, with a word of excuse to the young man with whom she was talking, stepped away from the circle and held out her hand to Lutchester.

"So you have really come to Washington!" she exclaimed.

"As a rescuer," Lutchester replied. "I feel that I have a mission. We cannot afford to lose your sympathies. May I introduce Philip Downing?"

Pamela shook hands with the young man and took her place between them.

"I've been envying you your seat under the tree," she said. "Couldn't we go there for a few moments?"

Mrs Hastings detached herself and approached them. She received Philip Downing's bow cordially, and she was almost civil to Lutchester.

"I can't have my niece taken away," she protested. "We are just going in to tea, Pamela."

Pamela shook her head.

"I am going to sit under that tree with Mr Lutchester and Mr Downing," she declared. "Tea doesn't attract me in the least, and that tree does."

Mrs Hastings accepted defeat with a somewhat cynical gracefulness She closed her lorgnettes with a little snap.

"You leave us all desolated, my dear Pamela," she said. "You remind me of what your poor dear father used to say—'Almost anyone could live with Pamela if she always had her own way.'"

Pamela laughed as she strolled across the lawn.

"Aren't one's relatives trying!" she murmured.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Philip Downing very soon justified the profession to which he belonged by strolling off with some excuse about paying his respects to some acquaintances. Pamela and Lutchester immediately dropped the somewhat frivolous tone of their conversation.

"You know that things are moving with our friend Fischer?" she began.

"I gathered so," Lutchester assented.

"His scheme is growing into shape," she went on. "You know what wonderful people his friends are for organising. Well, they are going to start a society all through the States, and nominate for President—Uncle Theodore."

"Will they have any show at all?" Lutchester asked curiously.

She shrugged her shoulders

'Who can tell? The German-Americans are very powerful indeed all through the west, and then the pacifists will join them. You see, I believe that although the soul of the country is with the Allies. Britain is the most tactless country in the world. She is always giving little pin-pricks to the Government over here, either about maritime law or one thing or another. Then all those articles in the papers about America being too proud to fight, the sneering tone of some, even of the leading reviews, did a lot of harm Uncle Theodore is going to stand for what they call the true neutrality. That is to say, no munitions, no help for either side."

"Well, I don't know anything about American politics," Lutchester confessed. "but I shouldn't think he'd have an earthly."

"Money is immensely powerful," she went on reflectively, "and all the great money interests of the country are controlled by German-Americans. Mr Fischer has almost thrown me over politically, but Uncle Theodore is crazy about the idea of a German pledge to protect America against Japan. That is going to be the great argument which he will keep up his sleeve until after the nomination."

"Fischer's trump card," Lutchester observed. "He hasn't shown you a certain autograph letter yet, I suppose?"

She shook her head.

"He may have shown it to Uncle Theodore. I'm afraid he doesn't mean to approach me again. He seems to have completely changed his attitude towards me since the night he saw us at the Ritz-Carlton dining together. He was going to show me the letter the first day after his arrival in Washington. Instead of that, he has been in the house for hours at a time without making the slightest attempt to see me."

"Faithless fellow!" Lutchester murmured. "Nothing like an Englishman, after all, for absolute fidelity."

"Do you really think so?" Pamela inquired anxiously. "Do you think I should be safe in trusting my heart and future to an Englishman?"

"To one particular Englishman, yes!" was the firm reply. "I was rather hoping you might have made up your mind."

"Too many things to think about," she laughed. "How long are you going to stay in Washington?"

"A few hours or days or weeks—until I have finished the work that brought me here."

"And what exactly is that?"

"You ask me lightly," he said, "but if you are willing, I have decided to take you into my confidence. Our friend Nikasti will be here to-morrow. He was to have sailed for Japan yesterday, but he has postponed his voyage for a few days. Do you know much about the Japanese, Miss Pamela?"

"Very little," she acknowledged.

"Well, I will tell you one thing. They are not very good at forgiving. There was only one way I could deal with Nikasti in New York, and it was a brutal way. I have seen him twice since. He wouldn't look me in the eyes. I know what that means. He hates me. In a sense I don't believe he would allow that to interfere in any way with his mission. In another sense it would. The Allies, above all things, have need of Japan. We want Japan and America to be friends. We don't want Germany butting in between the two. Baron Yung is a very clever man, but he is even more impenetrable than his countrymen generally are. Our people here admit that they find it difficult to progress with him very far. They believe that secretly he is in sympathy with Nikasti's reports—but you don't know about those, I suppose?"

"I don't think I do," she admitted.

"Nikasti was sent to Britain some years ago to report upon us as a country. Japan at that time was meditating an alliance with one of the great European Powers. Obviously it must be Germany or Britain. Nikasti travelled all through Britain, studied our social life, measured our weaknesses; did the same through Germany, returned to Japan, and gave his vote in favour of Germany I have seen a copy of his report. He laid great stress upon the absolute devotion to sport of our young men, and the entire absence of any patriotic sentiment or any means of national defence. Well, as you know, for various reasons his counsels were over-ridden, and Japan chose the British alliance. That was entirely the fault of imperfect German diplomacy. At a time like this, though, I cannot help thinking that some element of his former distrust still remain in Nikasti's mind, and I have an idea that Baron Yung is, to a certain extent, a sympathisers. I've got to get at the bottom of this before I leave the States. If I need your help, will you give it me?"

"If I can," she promised.

They saw Mrs Hastings' figure on the terrace, waving, and Pamela rose reluctantly to her feet.

"I don't suppose," Lutchester continued, as they strolled across the lawn, "that you have very much influence with your uncle, or that he would listen very much to anything that you have to say, but if he is really in earnest about this thing, he is going to play a terribly dangerous game. As things are at present he has a very pleasant and responsible position as the supporter and friend of a very able man. With regard to this new movement, he may find the whole ground crumble away beneath his feet. Fischer is playing the game of a madman. It isn't only political defeat that might come to him, but disgrace—even dishonour."

"You frighten me," Pamela confessed gravely.

"Your uncle," he went on, "is one of those thoroughly conceited, egotistical men who will probably listen to no one. You see, I have found out a little about him already. But they tell me that her social position means a great deal to your aunt. Neither her birth nor her friends could save her if Fischer drags your uncle to his chariot wheels."

"Do you think, perhaps, that you underestimate Mr Fischer's position over here?" she asked thoughtfully.

"I don't think I do," he replied, "but here is something which you have scarcely appreciated. Fischer has had the effrontery to link himself up with a little crowd of Germans all through the States, who are making organised attempts to destroy the factories where ammunitions are being made for the Allies. That sort of thing, you know, would bring anyone, however distantly connected with it, to Sing-Sing. . . . One moment," he added quickly, as Mrs Hastings stepped forward to meet them, "the reception of the British Embassy to-night?"

"The others are going," she said. "My aunt didn't feel she was sufficiently——"

"We sent a card round specially this afternoon," Lutchester interrupted. "You'll come?"

"How nice of you! Of course I will," she promised.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"Small affair, this," Downing observed, as he piloted Lutchester through the stately reception-rooms of the Embassy. "You see, we are all living a sort of touchy life here, nowadays. We try to be civil to any of the German or Austrian lot when we meet, but of course they don't come to our functions. And every now and then some of those plagued neutrals get the needle, and they don't come, so we never know quite where we are. Guadopolis has been avoiding us lately, and I hear he was seen out at the Lakewood Country Club with Count Reska, the Roumanian Minister, a few days ago. Gave the Chief quite a little flurry, that did."

"There's an idea over in London," Lutchester remarked, "that a good deal of the war is being shaped in Washington nowadays."

"That is the Chief's notion," Downing assented. "I know he's pining to talk to you, so we'll go and do the dutiful."

HER LIFE FOR THE WOUNDED

Nurse Daisy Coles, V.A.D., who has been killed by enemy aircraft while nursing wounded Tommies in France. She was educated in Edinburgh, where she was also a well-known golf and hockey player. Her brother, Captain Lionel Coles, was killed in the Battle of the Somme, in July, 1916.

Lutchester was welcomed as an old friend by both the Ambassador and his wife. The former drew him to a divan from which he could watch the entrance to the rooms, and sat by his side.

"I am glad they sent you out, Lutchester," he said earnestly. "If ever a country needed watching by a man with intelligence and experience, this one does to-day."

"Do you happen to know that fellow Oscar Fischer?" Lutchester asked.

"I do, and I consider him one of the most dangerous people in the States for us," the Ambassador declared. "He has a great following, huge wealth, and, although he is not a man of culture, he doesn't go about his job in that bull-headed way that most of them do."

"He's trying things on with Japan," Lutchester observed. "I think I shall manage to checkmate him there all right. But there's another scheme afloat that I don't follow so closely. You know Senator Hastings, I suppose?'

The Ambassador nodded.

"Senator Theodore Hastings," he repeated thoughtfully. "Yes, he's rather a dark horse. He is supposed to be the President's bosom friend, but I hear whispers that he'd give his soul for a nomination, adopt any cause, or fight anyone's battle."

"That's my own idea of him," Lutchester replied, "and I think you will find him in the field with a pretty definite platform before long."

"You think he's mixed up with Fischer?" the Ambassador inquired.

"I'm sure he is," Lutchester assented. "Not only that, but they have something up their sleeve. I think I can guess what it is, but I'm not sure. How have things seemed to you lately?"

"To tell you the truth, I haven't liked the look of them," the Ambassador confided. "There's something afoot, and I can't be sure what it is. Look at the crowd to-night. Of course, all the Americans are here, but the diplomatic attendance has never been so thin. The Roumanian Minister and his wife, the Italian, the Spanish, and the Swedish representatives are all absent. I have just heard, too, that Baron von Schwerin is giving a dinner-party."

Lutchester looked thoughtfully at the little stream of people. The Ambassador left him for a few moments to welcome some latecomers. He returned presently and resumed his seat by Lutchester's side.

"Of course," he continued, lowering his voice, "all formal communications between us and the enemy Embassies have ceased, but it has come to be an understood thing, to avoid embarrassments to our mutual friends, that we do not hold functions on the same day. I heard that Von Schwerin was giving this dinner-party, so I sent round this morning to inquire. The reply was that it was entirely a private one. One of our youngsters brought us in a list of the guests a short time ago. I see Hastings is one of them, and Fischer, and Roumania and Greece will be represented. Now Hastings was to have been here, and as a rule the neutrals are very punctilious."

"I suppose the way that naval affair was represented didn't do us any good," Lutchester observed.

"It did us harm, without a doubt," was the lugubrious admission. "Still, fortunately, these people over here are clever enough to understand our idiosyncrasies. I honestly think we'd rather whine about a defeat than glory in a victory."

"Diplomatically, too," Lutchester remarked thoughtfully, "I should have said that things seemed all right here. The President comes in for a great deal of abuse in some countries. Personally, I think he has been wonderful."

The Ambassador nodded.

"You and I both know, Lutchester," he said, "that the last thing we want is to find America dragged into this war. Such a happening would be nothing more nor less than a catastrophe in itself, to say nothing of the internal dissensions here. On the other hand, as things are now, Washington is becoming a perfect arena for diplomatic chicanery, and I have just an instinct—I can't define it in any way—which leads me to believe that some fresh trouble has started within the last twenty-four hours."

Lady Ridingshawe motioned to her husband with her fan, who rose at once to his feet.

"I must leave you to look after yourself for a time, Lutchester," he concluded. "You'll find plenty of people here you know. Don't go until you've seen me again."

Lutchester wandered off in search of Pamela. He found her with Mrs Hastings, surrounded by a little crowd of acquaintances. Pamela waved her fan, and they made way for him.

"Mr Lutchester, I have been looking everywhere for you!" she exclaimed. "What a secretive person you are! Why couldn't you tell me that Lady Ridlingshawe was your cousin? I want you to take me to her, please. I met her sister out in Nice."

She laid her fingers upon his arm, and they passed out of the little circle.

"All bluff, of course," she murmured. "Find the quietest place you can. I want to talk to you."

They wandered out on to the balcony, where some of the younger people were taking ices. She leaned over the wooden rail.

"Listen," she said, "I adore this atmosphere, and I am perfectly certain there is something going on—something exciting, I mean. You know that the Baron von Schwerin has a dinner party?"

"I know that," he assented.

"Uncle Theodore is going with Mr Fischer. He was invited at the last moment, and I understand that his presence was specially requested."

Lutchester stood for a moment in an absorbed and sombre silence. In the deep blue twilight his face seemed to have fallen into sterner lines. Without a doubt he was disturbed. Pamela looked at him anxiously.

"Is anything the matter?" she asked.

He shook his head.

"Nothing definite, only for the last few hours I have felt that things here are reaching a crisis. There is something going on around us, something which seems to fill Fischer and his friends with confidence, something which I don't quite understand, and which it is my business to understand. That is really what is worrying me."

She nodded sympathetically and glanced around for a moment.

"Let me tell you something," she whispered. "This evening my uncle came into my room just before dinner. There is a little safe built in the wall for jewellery. He begged for the loan of it. His library safe, he said, was out of order. I couldn't see what he put in, but when he had closed the door he stood looking at it for a moment curiously. I made some jesting remark about it being a treasure chest, but he answered me seriously. 'You are going to sleep to-night, Pamela,' he said, 'within a few yards of a dozen or so written words which will change the world's history.'"

Do not miss next week's instalment of this story.

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WESTERN LEAGUE.

RTHURLIE ALL RIGHT.

ARTHURLIE, 3; JOHNSTONE, 1.

he attendance witnessed a fine game at Barr- The teams were well matched, and play was ing. Johnstone opened well, but Stirling Morrison put up a fine defence. Arthurlie lly forced the pace, and became the at- They had better luck than their op- n, and Stewart opened the scoring. In the d half the advantage lay chiefly with Arthur- After some smart play Crichton finished a run by beating Smith. Keeping up the pres- Arthurlie scored a third goal, this time gh Lamb.

THE LEADERS LOSE.

VENSTON UNITED, 0; RENTON, 1.

Stevenston. Five minutes from the start for the visitors, accepting a nice cross from man, sealed the doom of the League leaders ring the only goal of the match with a fast shot. Immediately afterwards Renton again y drew blood through Cooke, whose parting Montgomery cleared in a masterly fashion. before the interval the locals nearly drew ter in a scrimmage in front of Rankin's goal the vigilance of Richardson kept the eager d forwards from scoring, and just as the five es of the initial half was the most exciting, the first five minutes of the second moiety me, for inside that time the United lost a y of at least converting a defeat into a draw ing a couple of penalty kicks. That Renton d off the honours is due to the defence in the part of the game, which was entirely mon- d by the League leaders.

INTS FOR ABERCORN.

RCORN, 2; DUMBARTON HARP, 0.

n hour late" called out an enthusiastic orite when R. Black, some twenty minutes time, opened the scoring in the match against arton Harp at Paisley, and the remark was ed, for nearly three-fourths of the game Aber- were certainly the superior lot. Five minutes opening J. Black should have scored, but and immediately after the ends had been d he was unfortunate in not getting the ball M'Bride. But the centre forward atoned when the ball to R. Black, who scored. Some minutes later he slipped past Rose and ter, and gave Abercorn their second goal. departments the Paisley team were splen- served. Fitzgerald, who at the last minute t into goal as M'Farlane was late in turning ave a surprising display. Smith and Young s clever as ever, and Sankey, M'Dougall, and ton were a stumbling block to the Harp's ds. The font line left nothing to be desired. Harp M'Bride gave a gallant exhibition in M'Callum was good at half, and Thomson Ferguson were always prominent forwards.

VALE VANQUISHED

E OF LEVEN, 0; ALBION ROV., 1.

Alexandria. The Vale team turned out three men in Logan, Dodds, and Forsyth, while filled Penman's shoes in the Rovers team. a hard game, and the Rovers were value heir win, although it must be remembered the Vale played with ten men all the second M'Lean, their centre forward, was injured minutes from the interval, and had to be d off the field. The only goal of the game taken five minutes from the interval by Galbraith missed a penalty for the Rovers minutes from time. For the winners, Dodds, Ewing, Duncan, and Bennett were outstand- while Vale were best served by Wharrier, Morrison, Spiers, and Logan.

EASTERN LEAGUE.

DUNDEE DEBACLE.

ARMADALE, 9; DUNDEE, 0.

dee paid their first visit to Armadale yester- Heard and his wingers rushed the hill, Nairn d. Currie took the penalty, the ball fell from s hand, and rolled into the net. This was ginning of the end. Taylor and his front line d to equalise, but Armadale's defence was to turn aside shots from Taylor, F. Murray, Lamb. M'Lean at last sent up field, and in a Rodden had put the 'Dale up two goals. n had some tricky breaks away, but M'Lean d too many for him. Armadale were again ing Dundee's citadel, and Rodden added a goal. Dundee still pegged away bravely, t. Herron, Taylor, and Lamb being con- us in attack, but Armadale's defence proved trong, and half time arrived—Armadale, 3; ee, 0.

adale opened the second half in sensational Heard got off on an individual run. He ssed by Burns, and succeeded from the y on a second asking in putting the ball he net. Dundee still pegged on. Then came lar debacle. Harvie headed in a fifth goal, n turn goals were scored by Heard, Steel, and Heard.

DRAW AT DUNDEE.

DEE HIBS, 1; RAITH ROVERS, 1.

match at Dundee was keen enough, but were few brilliant passages. But that fact not detract from the fine goalkeeping of r. He was the man of the match. In the half in particular he showed to great ad- e, and Wightman's goal, scored from a close header, would have beaten any keeper. Bel- was also in good form, but was too well d to be effective. His turn came, however, a scrimmage in front of Raith's goal, when ntually put the ball through between the 's legs.

the second half play was fast, but the backs th sides showed prominently. It was a hard all through, and the teams were value a n of the points. Best for Hibs were Balfour, Bellamy, and M'Guire, while Rovers were served by Kerr, Muir, Grieve, Young, and man. Dundee Hibs—Balfour; Rennie and r; Ferrier, Thomson, and Fitchie; Bellamy, lloch, Thompson, M'Guire, and Fraser. Raith —Kerr; Stewart and Muir; Hutchison, Grieve, Currie; Young, Smith, Wightman, Abbott, M'Kimmon.

FIFE CUP TIE.

T FIFE, 1 DUNFERMLINE ATH., 2.

re was a replayed Fife Cup tie at Methil. thing, East Fife had the pull in the opening but Dunfermline rushed Paterson's goal, a bad miss by Jack Allan allowed Lock to clear opening, which he promptly accepted, gave Paterson no option. The Athletic con- d to press with the greatest vigour, but the team were not long in wiping off arrears. stone shot, and the ball, striking Bailey on the cries of a penalty were raised by the crowd. he referee awarded a corner, off which Main d past Sellars, thus bringing the teams level. East Fife made strenuous efforts to get the but the interval found the pegging level. fermline had the better of the game in the d half. Great excitement was caused by a r awarded to East Fife, the ball being almost bbled through. The goal would certainly have rushed but for Sellars, whose saving was mag- nt. A golden opportunity was lost to East during one of their periodic runs. Tonner was placed for a shot, when, to the dismay of the supporters, he put the ball over the crossbar. the free kick Dunfermline went off with a and Neave completed a fine movement by ing past Paterson, thus scoring the winning The most prominent players for Dunfermline Sellars, Bennett, Duncan, and Neave, and for Fife Seath, Main, Johnstone, and Tonner.

marnock hold pride of place in the ture.

l Harris, called back from Paisley, our goals, which broke the "Hearts." re's good football in Chambers, and n St Anthony boy is a stickler.

SCOTS DRAW AT BELFAST.

IRISH LEAGUE, 1; GLASGOW LEAGUE, 1.

The annual Inter-League game between the Glasgow Junior League and the Irish Intermediate League took place at Windsor Park, Belfast, yesterday. The Glasgow lads travelled over on Thursday night, and spent Friday sight-seeing, and in the evening were the guests of the International Selection Committee at the Royal Hippodrome. Both sides were carefully chosen, and there was keen rivalry for the gold breast-pins which went to the winners. The teams were:—

Although there was no score in the first half for either side, the Irish team had more of the play, and Cunningham got three times as much work to do as Liddell. The Scottish keeper was excellent, but the star of the Glasgow defence was Kane, who had the more dangerous wing against him, but was real class. Goldie, too, always caught the eye. The most dangerous Irish attack was from Heaney and Lemon, who once missed badly three yards out. At the other end Somerville missed from Lambie, with the Irish keeper on his hands and knees, and then to keep up the misses Stewart failed at a penalty kick, which was given for Cunningham holding Heaney.

The second half had only been commenced five minutes when M'Innis was injured, and had to retire. Despite this handicap, the visitors forced two corners, and had quite the bigger share of the play. Liddell saved a smashing shot from Kennedy, and then M'Innis came back. Lemon broke through in an individual effort, and scored the first goal for Ireland, but the cheers had not more than died away when M'Innis got the equaliser. It was a stern struggle in the closing twenty minutes. The Scots, who lasted better, deserved to win, but the result was a draw.

Irish Intermediate League—Goal, Liddell (Glentoran 2d); backs, Brady (Glentoran 2d), Drennan (Distillery 2d); half-backs, Wright (Linfield Sw'fts), Armstrong (Distillery 2d), and Stewart (Belfast Celtic), captain; forwards, M'Kinney (Belfast Celtic), Lemon (Glentoran 2d), Heaney (Belfast Celtic), Johnston (Belfast Celtic), and Snape (Glentoran 2d).

Glasgow Junior League—Goal, Cunningham, (Cambuslang Rangers); backs, Kerr (Parkhead) and M'Dougall (Petershill); half-backs, Goldie (Maryhill), Henderson (Larkhall Thistle), captain; and Moffat (Bellshill Athletic); forwards, Lambie (Pollok), Reid (Ashfield), Somerville (Petershill), M'Innes (Parkhead), and Kennedy (Parkhead).

ACCIDENT TO CLYDE PLAYER.

Tom Maxwell, an outside right forward of the Clyde Football Club, met with a severe accident in the first two minutes of the match with Third Lanark at Cathkin. He fell in a tackle, and broke his arm, and was removed in an ambulance waggon to Victoria Infirmary for treatment. Maxwell came to the Clyde from Cambuslang Rangers at the end of last season, and this was his first game for his new masters, as he had a similar accident on the same field when playing for the Rangers against Ashfield in the Charity final at the tail end of last season. A peculiarly unfortunate player is "Sturdy," by which appelation he is well known in footer circles.

WESTERN LEAGUE.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals. F.	Goals. A.	Pts
Albion Rovers, ...	9	6	1	2	17	9	14
Stevenston United,	9	6	3	0	18	9	12
Renton, ...	8	5	3	0	14	10	10
Dumbarton Harp, ..	9	4	4	1	17	12	9
Arthurlie, ...	8	3	4	1	14	17	7
Abercorn, ...	9	2	4	3	9	15	7
Vale of Leven, ...	9	2	5	2	11	13	6
Johnstone, ...	9	1	5	3	11	26	5

EASTERN LEAGUE.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals. F.	Goals. A.	Pts
Cowdenbeath, ...	6	4	1	1	15	7	9
Armadale, ...	8	4	3	1	24	13	9
Raith Rovers, ...	7	3	2	2	9	5	8
Dundee, ...	7	3	3	1	12	20	7
Dunfermline, ...	6	3	3	0	15	15	6
Dundee Hibs, ...	8	2	5	1	8	16	5
East Fife, ...	6	2	4	0	5	13	4

BILLIARDS.

TOM AIKEN v. STANLEY NEWMAN.

There was no feature of outstanding importance in connection with the afternoon and evening sessions on Saturday of the match of 16,000 points which is being played in Glasgow between Tom Aiken, the Scottish champion, and Stanley Newman. The champion continued to have matters pretty much his own way, his young opponent aggregating only 336 and 91 respectively at the two sessions. In the afternoon Aiken had breaks of 144 (including the unfinished item of 109 with which he began the day), 135, and 158, a feature being the fact that one of his breaks included 54 made off the red ball alone.

In the evening Aiken reached the century on two occasions, his totals being 278 and 139 (unfinished). Newman did not exceed 82, which he compiled at the afternoon session. For the first week of the match Newman has actually scored 2574 to Aiken's 8001. At the close of Saturday's play the scores were:—Aiken (in play, 139 unfinished), 8001; Newman (receives 4000), 6574.

Tom Aiken, who has been challenged by John Duncan for the billiards championship of Scotland, has indicated that, though he would be delighted to meet Duncan under othet circumstances, he does not consider the present time opportune for such a challenge.

Reece (receives 900), ...	8451
Stevenson, ...	4667

QUOITING.

Match for £60 (18 yards)—John Chalmers, Kirkintilloch, 61; J. Flucker, Uphall, 39.

Match for £20.—John Kilpatrick, Muirkirk, 61; Robert Alexander, Darvel, 40.

Fifteen Yards Match for £7—James Barrie, 61; David Moran, 44.

New Stevenston Tourney (semi-final)—James Rae, Uphall, and A. Nelson, Salsburgh, played the semi-final tie yesterday. Half-time score:—Nelson, 31; Rae, 19. Final score:—Nelson, 51; Rae, 24.

Springside Fifteen Yards Handicap—Entries numbered 100. Semi-final results:—G. Hughes, Springside, 21; J. Kerr, Montgreenan, 17. A. Woodburn, Galston, 21; C. Howie, Crosshouse, 16. Final:—G. Hughes, 21; A. Woodburn, 7. Hughes had a thirteen-shot handicap, and Woodburn was scratch man.

Bob Wilson, Maddiston, is after the scalp of last week's challenger, Walkinshaw, as he is on the hunt for would-be champions. The Newtongrange man is asked to get into touch at Maddiston, Polmont.

I am asked to state that the M'Bride-Davidson benefit match was on behoof of Hugh Inglis, and not for the dependents of D. M'Beth, which was said to have been inferred.

W. Paterson, Longcroft, 61; P. Trainer, Camelon, 29.

Peter Hamilton, 61; Sneddon, 45—£40 match at Falkirk.

Faulds, Burnbank, 61; W. Kerr, Blantyre, 51.

T. Leishman, Twechar, 61; J. Hartley, Kilsyth, 58—Match for £15 at Kilsyth.

J. M'Lellan, Burnbank, 61; W. Keir, Blantyre, 51—Match for £50 at Blantyre.

P. Hamilton, Blackbraes, 61; R. Sneddon, Shieldhill, 45—Match at Falkirk for £40.

W. Walker, Rumford, 61; P. Connelly, Kilsyth 34—Match at Falkirk for £20.

W. Paterson, Longcroft, 61; P. Traynor, Camelon 29—Pitching match for £20 at Falkirk.

J. Weir, Parkhead, 61; R. Nimmo, Auchentibber, 45—£60 match at Barrhead.

£50 TROT.

At Glasgow yesterday. Twenty-seven horses were placed in four heats. In the final round Skipper, who ran gamely throughout the meeting, justified the support by winning one length from Katie G. Final:—1 £30) Mr Ferguson's Skipper (75); 2 (£7) Mr Girkins' Katie G (150); 3 (£3) Miss Traill's Ormond (20). Also ran—Miss Kenilwood (85) and China Cock (owes 120). Betting—6 to 4 on Skipper, 3 to 1 against Katie G, 4 to 1 Ormond, 10 to 1 others. Won by a length. Same distance between second and third. Time, 2 minutes 29 2-5 seconds.

RACING TIPS.

BY THE COLONEL.

STOCKTON—Saturday, Oct. 20.—Stockton Handicap—Curraghmour, nap; if absent, Scarpa Flow. Blytheholme Plate—St Agnes' Eve, nap; if absent, Mintleaf. Cleveland Plate—Delia, nap; if absent, Cambria. Tees Handicap—Elevator, nap; if absent, Will o' the Wisp. Faceby Plate—Callander, nap; if absent, Galley Law. Ironopolis Plate—Pernis, nap; if absent, Patlander. Nap Selection—St Agnes' Eve. Double—St Agnes' Eve and Callander.

FERMOY.—Tuesday, Oct. 16.—Town Plate—The Fly III., nap; if absent, Menlo. Tally Ho Plate—Sowerby, nap; if absent, Lancelot II. Stewards' Plate—The Tenter, nap; if absent, Scarteen. Autumn Plate—Dundesert, nap; if absent, Lord Carbery. Garrison Plate—Cellar Glen, nap; if absent, Sailcloth. Nap Selection—Dundesert. Double—Dundesert and The Tenter.

ROSCOMMON—Thursday, Oct. 18.—Town Plate—Dunadry, nap; if absent, Van Jane. Ring Plate—Ballinamona, nap; if absent, Signum. County Plate—Birdie, nap; if absent, Bee Fast. Roscommon Plate—Signet Ring, nap; if absent, Weal Well. Ballybohan Plate—Submarine, nap; if absent, Archias. Nap Selection—Birdie. Double Birdie and Submarine.

BALDOYLE—Saturday, Oct. 20.—Metropolitan Plate—Frejus, nap; if absent, Pay Only. Sutton Plate—Santa Minna, nap; if absent, Son O'Lee. Malahide Plate—Steady Bill, nap; if absent, Rose Window. Raheny Plate—Pericardium, nap; if absent, Radius. Clontarf Plate—Gold Vein, nap; if absent, Golden Daisy. October Plate—Shaun Spadah, nap; if absent, Dublin Castle. Nap Selection—Frejus. Double—Frejus and Santa Minna.

PHŒNIX PARK WINNERS.

2.0.—Abbotstown Plate—King Melton (J. Childs), 4-1, 1; County Dame (J. Thwaites), 10-1, 2; Fuz'e Bell (M. Wing), 10-1, 3. Thirteen ran.

2.30.—Castleknock Plate—Dermot M'Carthy (D. Ward), 20-1, 1; Friarstown Lass (C. Foy), 7-1, 2; False Hair (J. Thwaites), 7-1, 3. Thirteen ran.

3.0.—La Touche Plate—Tut Tut (J. Dines), 4-1, 1; Incendus (H. Beasley), 6-4, 2; Within the Maze (J. Harty), 10-1, 3. Seven ran.

3.30.—Greenmount Plate—Silvester (H. Beasley), 6-4, 1; Lady Arch bald (Beany), 100-6, 2; Guarteen Ahilla (J. Dines), 3-1, 3. Twelve ran.

4.0.—Ashtown Plate—Strolling Saint (W. Barrett), evens, 1; Lady Palotta (Questly), 4-1, 2; Vagabond (J. Patman), 100-8, 3. Twelve ran.

4.30.—Maiden Plate—Sea Trout (H. Beasley), 2-1, 1; Edgar's Jewel (D. Ward), 2-1, 2; Deccan (Wheelhan), 25-1, 3. Ten ran.

WnIPPETING.

GLASGOW DOGS.

200 yards open handicap. First prize, £21; second prize, £3. Heat winners, 3s. First Semi-Final—1 Mr Purdie's Saucy John (5); 2 Mr M'Donald's Cappie (28½). Second Semi-Final—1 Mr Walker's Teenie (25½); 2 Mr Purdie's Amusement (15). Third Semi-Final—1 Mr Thomson's Black Jim (27); 2 Mr Anderson's Dido (9½). Fourth Semi-Final—1 Mr Cuthbertson's Sea Queen (29); 2 Mr Marshall's Donnie Doon (32). Final—1 Mr Walker's Teenie, 2 Mr M'Donald's Cappie, 3 Mr Purdie's Saucy John. Also ran—Amusement, Black Jim, Dido, Sea Queen, and Donnie Doon. Betting—3 to 1 on Teenie, 8 to 1 Saucy John, Cappie, and Amusement, and 12 to 1 others. Won by a head.

LOCHGELLY HANDICAP.

The dog handicap at Lochgelly brought out some good racing, the result being:—1 Mr Richardson's (Glencraig) Spider (15); 2 Mr Paton's (Lochgelly) Queen Elizabeth (17½); 3 Mr Gilfillan's (Lochore) Lux (14); 4 Mr Peattie's (Lochore) News Boy (16½). Betting—6 to 1 against Spider.

EDINBURGH DOGS.

A 190 yards handicap was run off at Powderhall yesterday in twenty-nine heats. Finalists:—Naughton's (East Wemyss) Redfern (29); Bain's (Lochgelly) Lady Pet (31); Thomson's (Edinburgh) Primrose (32); Hogg's (Bonnyrigg) Carnegie (32); and Aikman's (Boswell) Nelly Rae (31). Result:—1 (£8) Redfern. Betting—7 to 4 on Redfern, 3 to 1 against Primrose, 4 to 1 Lady Pet, 6 to 1 Nelly Rae, 12 to 1 Carnegie. Won comfortably by about a yard. Time, a yard inside of 10½ seconds.

COATBRIDGE MEET.

First Semi-Final— Cairns' Wee Needle (37); 2 Davy's Cheer O (39). Second Semi-Final—1 Martin's Collier Son (35); 2 Scott's Daisy (36). Third Semi-Final—1 Allan's Mix Up (26); 2 Lundy's Cowboy (21). Final—Collier Son and Daisy (dead heat). On the run off a dead heat was again declared. Betting—6 to 4 on Collier Son, 8 to 1 Daisy.

Winners in new handicap—Burke's Steam (29), Key's Pat Breslin (25), Docherty's Ragged Lass (37), Hannah's Sailor (29), Gardner's Suncloud (34), Watson's Bell H. (36), Clark's Wee Joe (27), M'Allister's Erin's Beauty (35), M'Geachen's Black Polly (34), Maxwell's Midnight (30), Campbell's Plunkett (27), Gallacher's Chapelhall Girl (33), Alexander's Golden Gleam (34), Roger's Billy Wells (30), Thomson's Bertie (29), Allan's Won't Come Up (35), Owen's Sullivan (37), Kelly's Great Surprise (20), Faulkner's Aunt Fanny (34), Willie's Whifflet Boy (37), Mullen's London Lass (30).

POWDERHALL PEDS.

The pedestrian programme at Powderhall yesterday consisted of the preliminary heats of a seventy-five yards handicap, for which there were 157 entries, the final being down for next Saturday, and a mile race. The latter produced 110 entries, with J. Lindsay (Dreghorn) at forty yards as virtual scratch, and the limit at 145 yards. Result of Mile:—1 (£5) J. Bathgate, Townhill (120); 2 (15s) Sergeant D. A. M'Laren, Stirling (120); 3 (5s) J. Lindsay, Dreghorn (40). Betting—Evens Johnson, Winchburgh (130); 3 to 1 against Bathgate and M'Laren; 7 to 1 Lindsay; 10 to 1 others. Fifty-six ran. Won by ten yards. Time, 4 minutes 27 seconds.

RACING SPORTS SUPPORT CHARITY.

Generous support was accorded deserving institutions and war objects by those who attended the Ayr races.

Mr J. B. Thornycroft, the owner of Damask, winner of the Craigengillan Plate, gave £200 to the Ayr County Hospital; Mr George Renwick, who had two successes at the meeting, gave £25, and this week the further announcement was made that Mr T. C. M'Guffie, owner of the winner of the Gold Cup, had given £100 to the same institution. In addition, Mrs D. W. Shaw, wife of the secretary of the Western Meeting, collected £51 3s 9d from the bookmakers for the Harry Lauder Million Pounds Fund, while a collection of £33 15s 9d was also taken up by Miss Proudfoot on behalf of the R.S.F. Prisoners of War Fund.

PERTH FREE GIFT SALE REALISES £3000.

Perth, Saturday Night.

A free gift sale, organised by the Perthshire Agricultural Society and the Perth Town Council, was held at Perth, this afternoon.

Messrs Macdonald, Fraser & Co., Ltd., kindly placed their mart at the disposal of the committee, and the sale, which was opened by Mrs C. A. Murray of Taymount, was patronised by a large and representative gathering.

The bouquet presented to Mrs Murray, after performing the opening ceremony, was snowballed and made £20.

The top bid of the day was £70 given by Mr Frew, butcher, Perth, for an exceedingly pretty Highland bull gifted by Lady Ogilvie, Dalgleish.

It is expected that the total drawings including donations will amount to between £2000 and £3000.

Every Tired Woman

should know these facts.

"Every Picture tells a Story."

WORRY and overwork cause most of the nervousness and kidney troubles women get.

Tired out before the day begins, and too fatigued to sleep when night time comes—this is, all too often, the start of serious kidney breakdown.

Headaches, dizziness, nervousness, urinary disorder and backache quickly follow, and there is the further risk of—

Rheumatism, Gravel, Sciatica, Inflamed kidneys and bladder, Lumbago, Stone and Renal-dropsy.

These are risks to be avoided. Women must try to lessen work and worry, take regular meals and rest, go out for walks each day, and get at least eight hours sleep at night. The result will well repay the effort.

Be advised by Glasgow well-wishers. Let Doan's Backache Kidney Pills strengthen and repair the workworn kidneys. Week after week for eighteen years, earnest women in Glasgow have told what Doan's Pills do. And bear in mind, your neighbours' statements can quite easily be verified.

Glasgow Relief.

On August 9th, 1915, Mrs M. Roberts, of 67, Burnhouse Street, Maryhill, Glasgow, said:—"Years ago I was nearly crippled with backache. Whenever I moved the pain cut through my back like a knife. For days I could scarcely walk. I had no energy for anything. The kidney excretions were in a very unhealthy state, and I had bad bouts of dizziness.

"I had been suffering in this way for about three years without getting any benefit from anything. Then I read about Doan's backache kidney pills, and decided to try them. Before long I derived great benefit. The pains gradually left me, and I could get about and do my work with ease. I kept on with Doan's pills and was cured of the other distressing symptoms. (Signed) "M. Roberts."

On July 26th, 1916—*twelve months later* — Mrs Roberts said:—"My health is splendid. I could not wish to feel better than I do now. I can't praise Doan's pills too highly."

NOTE.—To obtain the same result as Mrs. Roberts, insist on the same Medicine.

DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills.

All dealers, or 2/9 a bottle from Foster McClellan Co., 8 Wells Street, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

Captain John Leslie, youngest son of the late Captain David Leslie, Bermuda Villa, Green Street, Dunoon, has been drowned at sea through his vessel having been torpedoed on 15th September.

Private A. R. Dick, Scottish Rifles, son of Mr Robert Dick, Glasgow Road, Hamilton, has been promoted to a commissioned rank. He has been gazetted second-lieutenant in the Border Regiment.

DEAFNESS, CATARRH,
EAR NOISES, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS AND COLDS.

MAXIM GUN INVENTOR DISCOVERS SIMPLE HOME REMEDY.

THOUSANDS ALREADY RELIEVED AND CURED.

Sir Hiram Maxim's Wish that all Sufferers should Have an Opportunity of Learning, Free of Charge, How to Cure Themselves.

We are able to announce to-day a significant development in the cure of all kinds of Ear, Nose, Throat, and Lung troubles by Sir Hiram Maxim, the veteran inventor of Maxim gun fame. Everyone who would like to read about this discovery should fill in coupon below (½d. stamp only needed), and send it to Sir Hiram Maxim's Sole Licensees (Dept. D.O.), 46 Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. This triumph over chronic diseases which have been regarded as almost incurable is the outcome of Sir Hiram's own sufferings.

He cured himself by a simple home appliance, and has also restored to health thousands of others similarly afflicted, and it was his wish that all sufferers, rich and poor alike, should have a free opportunity of learning how to cure their own ailments at home without any interference with their daily occupations.

LEGION OF HONOUR

Those who have benefited already by this quick and easy method include sufferers from

CATARRH, DEAFNESS, HEAD NOISES, COLDS AND COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, SMOKER'S SORE THROAT.

You may have been disappointed by other methods, but remember that Sir Hiram Maxim has a world-honoured reputation, and would never have attached his name to an invention which had not been proved of practical utility and a great success.

Invaluable to smokers, the inhaler giving instant relief in cases of dry and sore throat.

It will be found that after reading the book and following the advice given, the Catarrh, Cough, or Tightness is relieved, and the expectoration diminished.

The hearing improves, ear noises gradually stop. The stuffiness in nose and uncomfortable feeling in the throat and chest disappear, and give place to ease and comfort. Running at the nose stops, and bouts of sneezing cease instantly. An ever-increasing improvement will be felt, and in most cases a complete cure of the trouble will take place in a short time.

FREE TO-DAY.

Send for a Free Copy of the Home Doctor Book, and read there some of the letters received from users of Sir Hiram Maxim's wonderful appliance. They tell of the most wonderful cures effected by this discovery—a discovery you can now utilise for your own benefit at a small cost.

FREE COUPON

Fill in your name and address, or write it out on a sheet of paper, and send it to-day to Sir Hiram Maxim's Sole Licensees, J. M. Richards & Sons, Ltd. (Dept. D.O.), 46 Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me, in accordance with Sir Hiram Maxim's offer, a free copy of the "Home Doctor," describing his new Home Cure for Catarrh, Deafness, &c.

ADDRESS...

NAME..

FIRST LEAGUE DEFEAT OF THE CHAMPIONS

RESULTS AT A GLANCE.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

DUMBARTON,	2	CLYDEBANK,	3
MORTON,	1	RANGERS,	1
AIRDRIEONIANS,	2	HAMILTON ACAD.,	1
AYR UNITED,	4	FALKIRK,	0
CELTIC,	2	KILMARNOCK,	3
PARTICK THISTLE,	4	HEARTS,	1
THIRD LANARK,	3	CLYDE,	0
MOTHERWELL,	2	ST MIRREN,	1
HIBERNIAN,	4	QUEEN'S PARK,	2

ENGLISH LEAGUE.

Lancashire Section.

BURSLEM P.V.,	5	BURNLEY,	2
BLACKPOOL,	0	STOKE,	5
BLACKBURN ROV.,	0	OLDHAM ATH.,	2
BOLTON WAN.,	1	SOUTHPORT C.,	1
MANCHESTER C.,	3	BURY,	1
ROCHDALE,	0	STOCKPORT CO.,	1
PRESTON N.E.,	0	LIVERPOOL,	6
EVERTON,	3	MANCHESTER U.,	0

Midland Section.

SHEFFIELD U.,	5	GRIMSBY TOWN,	0
LEEDS CITY,	3	LINCOLN CITY,	0
NOTTS FOREST,	1	ROTHERHAM C.,	3
BRADFORD,	1	BIRMINGHAM,	0
LEICESTER FOSSE,	2	BRADFORD CITY,	0
BARNSLEY,	0	NOTTS COUNTY,	0
HULL CITY,	3	SHEFFIELD WED.,	3

London Combination.

CLAPTON ORIENT,	2	MILLWALL,	3
WEST HAM U.,	8	BRENTFORD,	3
FULHAM,	1	CHELSEA,	1
CRYSTAL PAL.,	2	THE ARSENAL,	0
Q.P. RANGERS,	2	TOTTENHAM H.,	3

WESTERN LEAGUE.

VALE OF LEVEN,	0	ALBION ROVERS,	1
STEVENSTON U.,	0	RENTON,	1
ABERCORN,	2	D'MBARTON HARP,	0
ARTHURLIE,	3	JOHNSTONE,	1

EASTERN LEAGUE

ARMADALE,	9	DUNDEE,	0
DUNDEE HIBS,	1	RAITH ROVERS,	1

FIFE CUP.

EAST FIFE,	1	DUNFERMLINE,	2

WAR FUND MATCH.

BENBURB, 0; ST ANTHONY'S 1 (M'Inally).

INTER-LEAGUE MATCH.

IRISH LEAGUE,	1	GLASGOW JUN.,	1

SCOTTISH JUNIOR CUP—1st Round.

KILSYTH RANGERS, 0; DENNY HIBS, 0.

AYR AND DISTRICT CUP—2d Round.

SALTCOATS VICS., 3 (Fullarton, Beckham, and Buchan); CRONBERRY EGLINTON, 1 (M'Kenzie).
GLENBURN ROVERS, 6; BENWHAT, 0.
CRAIGMARK THISTLE, 5; DALMELLINGTON, 2.
BURNFOOTHILL, 1; DRONGAN, 0.

FIFE CUP—Semi-Final.

DENBEATH STAR, 0; HEARTS OF BEATH, 0.

LANARKSHIRE CUP—3d Round.

NEWARTHILL THISTLE, 0; MORNINGSIDE THISTLE, 0.

GLASGOW JUNIOR LEAGUE.

PETERSHILL, 9 (Forrest 4, Robertson 3, Gresham 2); SHETTLESTON, 1 (M'Owan).
ROB ROY, 1 (Purdon); PARKHEAD, 2 (M'Crae 2).
CLYDEBANK JUNIORS, 0; STRATHCLYDE, 1 (Bagen).
GLENCAIRN, 1 (Greig); BELLSHILL ATH., 0.
LARKHALL THISTLE, 3 (Hart 2 and M'Kenzie); ASHFIELD, 0.
VALE OF CLYDE, 2 (Melville and Robertson); MARYHILL, 1 (Sharp).
POLLOK, 3 (Meikle 2, Brown 1); PERTHSHIRE, 1 (Fraser).

RENFREWSHIRE JUNIOR CUP—2d Round.

ELDERSLIE AMATEURS, 0; PORT-GLASGOW ATH., 5 (Meechan 2, Rorke, Denny, and Lister).
KILBARCHAN, 6 (Nelson 2, Clunas, M'Latchie, Irwin, and Young); PORT-GLASGOW CORINTH, 0.
ST MIRREN JUNIORS, 7 (Barr 6, Peters 1); BUSBY CARTVALE, 0.

SCOTTISH JUNIOR LEAGUE.

YOKER ATHLETIC, 8 (Sellars 4, M'Caddies 2, M'Ilroy, and Patterson); OATLANDS JUN., 3 (Watson, Crozier, and Jamieson).
GLENBOIG CAM., 4; KILSYTH EMMET, 2.
BEDLAY JUNIORS, 2; CROY CELTIC, 1.
TOWNHEAD CELTS, x; NEILSTON VICS., x.
ST PAUL'S UNITED, 1; RENFREW JUN., 6.
BURNBANK, 1 (Stannage); BLANTYRE VICTORIA, 2 (Wood and Pollock).

LANARKSHIRE JUNIOR LEAGUE.

NETHERBURN, 5 (Garvice 3, Robb, and Doyle); STRATHAVEN CALEY, 1 (Symington).
BLANTYRE CELTIC, 2 (Ryan and Daly); CLELAND JUNIORS, 2 (Dolan and Scott).
QUARTER STROLLERS, x; LAW VOLS., x.

LOTHIANS LEAGUE.

BROXBURN ATH., 6; CIVIL SERVICE, 0.
H.M.S. —, 3 (Russell, Bennett 2); LEITH BENBURB, 2 (Laing and Fairfoul).
ARMY SERVICE CORPS, 0; WINCHBURGH VIOLET, 7.

ABERDEEN AND DISTRICT AMATEUR LEAGUE.

— GORDONS, 7; WINDSOR, 1.
— GORDONS, 3; CLARK & CO., 0.
GRAY, HALL, & CO., 1; HALL, RUSSELL, & CO., 1.
MUGIEMOSS, 4; THISTLE, 2.
FERRYHILL FOUNDRY, 3; TRAWLERS AND TRADERS, 2.
CARLTON, 3; GLENWOOD, 0.
HARPER'S, LTD., 1; RICHARD'S, LTD., 1.
DUTHIE'S, 8; LEWIS & SON, 0.
ROYAL ALBERT, 3; ROSE ATH., 1.
HILTON, 8; AULTON ROVERS, 1.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals F.	Goals A.	Pts.
Kilmarnock,	9	6	2	1	22	9	13
Celtic,	7	6	1	0	17	7	12
Morton,	9	5	2	2	17	11	12
Rangers	7	5	1	1	16	7	11
Motherwell,	9	4	2	3	18	14	11
Airdrieonians,	9	5	3	1	18	17	11
Partick Thistle,	8	2	1	5	12	8	9
Queen's Park,	9	4	4	1	17	19	9
Clyde,	8	3	3	2	13	11	8
Dumbarton,	9	3	4	2	14	14	8
St Mirren,	9	3	4	2	13	14	8
Clydebank	9	3	4	2	14	18	8
Falkirk,	9	2	4	3	11	17	7
Hearts,	9	3	6	0	8	22	6
Third Lanark,	9	2	5	2	15	16	6
Hamilton Acad.,	9	2	5	2	10	18	6
Ayr United	9	2	5	2	11	16	6
Hibernian,	9	2	6	1	9	17	5

Celts were beaten. Rangers didn't lose. Look for a grim struggle this week-end.

HOW KILMARNOCK DID THE TRICK AT PARKHEAD.

FAMOUS PLAYERS ORDERED OFF THE FIELD AT GREENOCK.

CRITICAL COMMENTS ON PLAY AND PLAYERS IN THE LEADING GAMES.

MOTHERWELL, 2; ST MIRREN, 1.

HIGGINBOTHAM,
St Mirren.

At Fir Park, before a fair crowd, Saints were lucky in pulling off the honours of the initial half. Not that they did not work for their success, for their forwards were always dangerous, and Higginbotham, the successful marksman and the most dangerous of all. St Mirren got the point just before the cross over. Reid, Motherwell's outside right, twisted his knee in the first ten minutes, and although he resumed, yet he was of little use. He came on after half time, but retired shortly after for good.

It was when the odds were against them that the Fir Parkers showed their metal. Pollock, the Saints pivot, stuck to Ferguson, and was the mainstay of the Paisley defence. But Ferguson, taking advantage of a slip by Marshall, beat Hillcoat. It became a case of keeping out Ferguson at all costs, and near the close a regrettable incident happened. Marshall brought down the centre rather heavily within the penalty area, M'Skimming converting. Ferguson had to be carried off, but he was not seriously damaged. Motherwell finished with nine men, and were worthy winners. Rundell, Marshall, M'Skimming, Stewart, Rankin and Ferguson were their best men. For the Saints, Hillcoat, Marshall, Callaghan, Pollock, and Higginbotham, were perhaps the pick.

Motherwell—Rundell; Murray and M'Skimming; M'Stay, M'Intosh, and Stewart; Reid, Rankin, Ferguson, Gardiner, and Morgan.

St Mirren—Hillcoat; Marshall and Callaghan; Brown, Pollock, and Walls; Higginbotham, Pringle, Miller, Leitch, and Durward.

CLYDEBANK'S SURPRISE.

DUMBARTON, 2; CLYDEBANK, 3.

Clydebank won through pure determination. Boghead housed its tallest crowd of the season, some 8000. The visitors brought their full team, but Dumbarton had to make changes. "Cook" was at left back, and M'Kenzie took Wilson's place at left half. There was strong partisanship in the crowd, and there were Clydebank cheers when in a few minutes their favourite scored. The goal followed a foul. Croot crossed in a deadly way, and Millar seemed to have it, but Brander nicked in and steered the pass into the net. In twenty minutes Dumbarton equalised. Ferguson was caught napping. The ball was knocked out to Ritchie, who delivered it across the goal mouth, and M'Culloch made sure with his head. One goal each at half-time.

M'Culloch immediately put Dumbarton on the lead, straining himself in the fine effort. He was no use for the rest of the game. Thom was brought into centre, M'Culloch going to the touch-line. The change looked all right, when M'Turk was again beaten, but the goal was offside. The new centre was also lamed, and when Neish, in a strong solo effort, beat the opposition and scored a goal on his own, things were certainly looking bad for Dumbarton. The game was Clydebank's when O'Kane got through and put on the leading goal. Croot was the dangerous man on Clydebank's side; Neish was strong on the ball, and O'Kane and Trueman always there. Ferguson at back was the veritable stone wall, and M'Turk got off easily. On Dumbarton side the injury severally to M'Culloch and Thom made all things go wrong, and the team was but a shadow of last Saturday's.

Dumbarton—Miller; M'Grory and Cook; M'Kim, Raeside, and M'Gregor; Ritchie, Stewart, M'Culloch, Finnie, and Thom.

Clydebank—M'Turk; M'Lennan and Ferguson; Walker, Trueman, and Travers; Neish, Brander, O'Kane, Sutherland, and Croot.

THE KILLIE SENSATION.

KILMARNOCK, 3; CELTIC, 2.

Kilmarnock first got the goals, then played to keep their opponents out. They succeeded in greater measure than the score indicates. The first half developed into quite good and, at times, exciting play, and Killie deserved their goal lead. Their forwards were much nippier, and were never loth to shoot. M'Coll made a great effort to break through, but was blocked by Hamilton when shooting. For about ten minutes Killie pressed almost continuously, and Culley or Rutherford might have scored had they been able to decide who was to take the shot. It was a soft thing. M'Nair cleared. Then Killie got the goal they deserved, and the outside left redeemed two previous mistakes by scoring a great goal. Fulton took up a half-back's push forward and swung it over to the left. M'Phail hooked on, and with his right foot beat Shaw to the wide. After Killie's goal Celts were like needles. Gallagher banged ahead. He was fouled from a throw in well up, and the kick being well placed, M'Lean headed beautifully into the net. Shaw got a grounder to hold, which forced him over past the post. The corner was cleared, but again Killie came, and again they scored. M'Phail sent in a binder of a cross, and Smith, without a moment's hesitation, raked it into the net. It was then ding-dong till half-time.

Killie opened the second half by running up and scoring. It was a well conceived, if a trifle lucky point. Culley sent out to M'Phail, who smartly beat M'Nair and shot hard, and the ball was deflected off Livingstone into the net. Then we saw a rejuvenated Celtic. There was no rest for the visiting defence, and all the forwards had tries. For fully half an hour they kept up a fierce bombardment, but Blair and his backs refused to give ground. Blair was great—now fisting, now gathering, now diving on the ball, and refusing to be beaten. M'Atee on one occasion had the hardest of hard lines. A few minutes later Gallagher missed a good chance by sending past, but he retrieved by scoring a characteristic goal. The visitors found their feet after this. Fulton got a pinch in the closing minutes, but skied the ball over, with no one to beat but Shaw.

For the winners, Blair was great, Hamilton and Mitchell splendid, Mackie ever watchful and forceful, M'Phail and Smith the best forwards because of their goals. For the losers, M'Nair, Cringan, Gallagher, and M'Atee were best.

Celtic—Shaw; M'Nair and Livingston; M'Master, Cringan, and Brown; M'Atee, Gallagher, M'Coll, Browning, and M'Lean.

Kilmarnock—Blair; Hamilton and Mitchell; Henderson, J. Goldie, and Mackie; Fulton, Smith, Culley, Rutherford, and M'Phail.

THRILLS AT CAPPIELOW.

RANGERS, 1; MORTON, 1.

Rangers may consider themselves extremely lucky to have got off with a draw at Greenock. Three goals in all were scored, but the one by M'Nab, who was Morton's centre, was struck off by the referee—a rather doubtful decision. Fully 10,000 spectators were present. Seymour's inclusion strengthened the home attack, and in the early stages Rangers were on the defensive. Play was thrilling to a degree, both goals being attacked in turn. The opening goal came unexpectedly. Bradford had just cleared his lines when the ball came quickly to "Black's" foot, and before the goalkeeper had time to recover the ball was netted. This reverse nerved Morton to redouble their efforts. Time and again they dashed down the field, and Manderson and Blair had no picnic. Rankin and Gourlay set up a fine partnership on the right, and their runs frequently menaced Hempsey's charge. In twenty-five minutes a smart movement by M'Nab enabled Grant to equalise with a brilliant shot. Play was of a high standard, and there were many pretty touches. No further scoring took place before the interval.

The second half was, if anything, more vigorously contested. Morton displayed superior tactics, and were much more dangerous at goal. Only occasionally did Rangers get away, but their attacks never seriously troubled Bradford. Much liveliness marked the closing stages, and an unfortunate incident led to the withdrawal of M'Intyre (Morton) and Cairns (Rangers) from further participation in the play. The defence on both sides was very safe. Wright and M'Intyre were outstanding for Morton, and Seymour, Grant, and M'Nab were the pick of the front line. Dixon was a host in himself for the Ibrox eleven, and Archibald and Bowie were individually clever, but the forwards as a whole were somewhat disappointing.

Morton—Bradford; Morrison and Ormonde; M'Intyre, Wright, and J. Stevenson; Grant, Gourlay, M'Nab, R. Stevenson, and Seymour.

Rangers—Hempsey; Manderson and Blair; Purcell, Dixon, and Martin; Archibald, Bowie, Black, Cairns, and M'Dermid.

FALKIRK'S FALL.

AYR UNITED, 4; FALKIRK, 0.

Falkirk found Ayr United in rampant form, the "Bairns" having to own defeat by 4-0. Even admitting that two of their goals were of the lucky order, the losers would be the first to concede the victors' superiority on the day's display. Twice in the opening stages Ayr just failed to count, but in thirteen minutes M'Naughton caught up a high ball, following a cross by Middleton, and shot hard in. Allan's view was obscured by Comrie, and the ball glanced over his arm into the net. Twice Simpson made capital attempts to get through for Falkirk, but he finished weakly each time. Lock for the greater part of the first half played the role of spectator, only two shots in all—one in particular from M'Culloch—giving him anxiety. Hay, who was grand throughout, had the honour of securing the second point. M'Naughton crossed, and the ball came out from the goal to Hay, who, with a perfect daisy-cutter, landed the ball in the net. Three minutes later Crosbie allowed Middleton to get away, and the winger, running ahead, let drive, and the sphere found lodgment in the rigging—a grand shot. A fourth goal came the way of Ayr. Crosbie, when near the touch line, sent in a high long shot. Allan seemed to grip it all right, but to the surprise of all it dropped behind him into the net. The "Bairns" made several attempts, mainly through Main and Simpson, to reduce the leeway, but hard luck again dogged their footsteps. The only weak spot in Ayr's team was at centre-forward, Webb being eager enough, but too slow. Crosbie and M'Naughton were the cleverest of the rest, who all did well. Hay was in great form at half, while Bell and Brock were very dependable. For the losers, M'Millan, Logan, Main, and Croall were best.

Ayr—Lock; Bell and Brock; Hay, Waddell, and M'Laughlan; Middleton, Crosbie, Webb, Shankley, and M'Naughton.

Falkirk—Allan; A. Comrie and M'Millan; Scott, Logan, and Harvie; Simpson, Watson, Main, Croall, and M'Culloch.

THIRDS SNAFFLE CLYDE.

THIRD LANARK, 3; CLYDE, 0.

For eighty-eight minutes out of ninety Thirds were up against a depleted side, and Clyde, though beaten, were not disgraced. Maxwell, for Clyde, was hurt in the opening minutes, and didn't resume, and all the way through Clyde fought manfully against odds, and had three goals against them without being able to respond. First half Thirds had the pull, but Shingleton and his backs kept a clean sheet for thirty minutes. The first goal was the outcome of a flag kick. "Shing" did some punchball work, but the ball came to M'Lean, who called first count. The obscurer was on the Brig'ton goalie, and he had no "earthly." Five minutes later Weir got his head on a Bissett centre, and planted another, and the Cathkinites crossed two goals to the good.

It was a block and tackle second portion. Clyde had their chances, which they didn't take, and M'Lean had a couple of marvellous shots, which almost paralysed the soldier keeper. The third goal came from a penalty. Gray brought down Aitken inside the "box." M'Lean took the kick; "Shing" saved, but "Dave" came again and safely housed. Thirds played one of their best games of the season. Robb was safe, M'Cormack pleased. Hannah was the best half. Thirds should persevere with their front line formation. For Clyde Shingleton lived up to his reputation. Farrell was great, with Gray running him close. Cowan was the better half, and Shimmon and Chambers excelled forward. Attendance, 6000.

Third Lanark—Robb; M'Cormack and Mackie; Walker, Hannah, and Thomson; Bissett, Weir, M'Lean, Beanie, and Aitken.

Clyde—Shingleton; Gray and Farrell; G. Watson, Cowan, and Neave; Maxwell, M'Gowan, Rae, Chambers, and Shimmon.

THISTLE'S BIG WIN.

PARTICK THISTLE, 4; HEARTS, 1.

ADAMS, Partick This.

Hearts proved easy prey for Partick Thistle at Firhill, and at no period of the game was the issue in doubt. Thistle were two goals up in three minutes, both snapped by Neil Harris, whom the Partick people recalled from Paisley for the day, and his subsequent brace of goals which followed proved that, in this instance at least, the Firhill directors acted with judgment. Hearts wanted Nellies, Barnes, and M'Tavish. A third try by Neil Harris fifteen minutes from the start ought to have counted, but Black showed brilliance in clearing. Miller was very clever in the Hearts' front line, but he forgot his partner. Sinclair was starved unless when a stray ball was shoved across by Sharp, whose attention to Freddy Gibson was in marked contrast. A few feeble attacks on Bruce's charge was all Hearts could muster, and their shooting was awful. The Thistle's third goal was a real Harris one. He and Kiernan did some sand-dancing in the corner line to the left of Hearts' goal area, and a seemingly soft shot rolled out of Black's hands across the line. The visitors' weakness was at half-back, and the forwards got no show at all.

In the second half Lochhead improved on a corner of Gibson's, and a score of 3-1 looked not so bad. But Harris was not finished yet, and he got another goal very cleverly. A few flattering raids by Sinclair and Gibson and great dribbling by Sharp, who was in a class by himself this half, was all Hearts could muster, and when the end came they must have been pleased to get off so easily. The Thistle have redeemed themselves with their supporters. Bruce showed he is capable of promotion when the time comes. Adams was the better back, and Joe Harris shone in the half line. While not a success as a line the Thistle's forwards all did well. Harris' feat of scoring four goals made his performance noteworthy. Hearts lacked cohesion, and they were a "trauchled" lot all through. M'Lean, Lochhead, Miller, Sharp, and Gibson served up some nice football, but it was not a paying game.

Partick Thistle—Bruce; Adams and M'Lachlan; J. Harris, Hamilton, and M'Millan; Sibbald, King, N. Harris, Gray, and Marshall.

Hearts—Black; Keirnan and M'Lean; Briggs, Lochhead, and Ross; Sinclair, Miller, Drummond, Sharp, and Gibson.

YARNALL OFF SONG.

AIRDRIE, 2; HAMILTON A., 1.

This match drew over 3000 spectators to Broomfield Park. It was a keen, close game, hard fought from start to finish. The Academicals had no luck, and were handicapped when Adam Miller, their left back, hurt his leg and left the field. Bob Mason, an old-time "Accie," who has seen much service in England, reappeared in goal for the visitors. In four minutes Bernard saved a penalty given against M'Donald, and taken by Graham. Then Rankin scored for the 'Onians. Yarnall was weak. The home side led at the interval.

In the second half the Academ Miller, but they had a great deal of game, and with a little slice of for might have equalised. Five minutes the end Yarnall managed to score replied with a goal for the visitors M were frequent on both sides. Ran Donaldson, and Bernard were the be the 'Onians. For Hamilton, Graham, die, and Kelly.

Airdrieonians—Bernard; M'Donald a Wa Knox, Kennedy, and Comrie; Rank An Yarnall, Donaldson, and Hart.

Hamilton Academicals—Mason; Rob A. Miller; Purdie, Graham, and Anders M' Kelly, Faulds, Kyle, and Greenhorn.

FOUR FOR HIBS.

HIBS, 4; QUEEN'S PARK, 2

Hibs rearranged their team ag Queen's Park, and brought off a vic Queen's were three goals down at half ti but that score cannot be said to be a reflex of the play. Hibs certainly were on the offensive, but not to an exten justify such a big lead at the interval, Queen's supporters were by no means en oured with the decisions which gave opposition their first and third goals sc by Miller. There was a suspicion of off attached to both. Between these goals M the latest arrival at Easter Road, got a tinctly good and well-taken point.

It was in the second half that Que showed something like their true form, M. Morton, during a scrimmage in fron Templeton, opening their account, an was followed soon after by another f Grant, who had changed places with R. Between these Queen's goals Meaney Miller a fine opening, and the Hibs' ce completed the "hat trick" for his Queen's throughout showed the better work, but were singularly ineffective w near goal. For the Hibs, Kerr, Pater Smith, and Miller were outstand Templeton did splendidly in goal, and M of Yoker Athletic, made a promising de For Queen's, Cowan and Reid were st at back. Only in the second half did A Morton show what he really could do, his brother at centre was only moderate, the other forwards, Grant and Aitken most conspicuous.

Hibernian—Templeton; Kerr and Dornan; Br Paterson, and R. Smith; M'Dougall, Meaney, M Moir (Yoker Athletic), and M'Candle

Queen's Park—H. Duncan; A. Stevenson an Campbell; A. Cowan, J. Reid, and A. Ford; W Aitken, E. Cresswell, R. M. Morton, W. Grant, A. L. Morton.

£100 FOR FOOTBALL RESULTS.

Here is an opportunity of winning £100

All you have to do is to forecast sixteen co results. There is NO NEED TO GIVE SCOR

The competitor who gives the sixteen co results gets the £100. In the event of more one competitor being correct, the prize wi divided.

If no competitor sends in a coupon giving sixteen correct results, a Consolation Prize of will be awarded to the competitor who send the coupon with the largest number of co results.

In the event of more than one competitor se in a coupon with the same number of co results, the Consolation Prize will be divided.

On the accompanying form you will find a of sixteen matches which are to be playe Saturday, October 20.

Strike out in ink the name of the club think will lose. If in your opinion the game end in a draw, leave the names of both comp teams.

In the event of any of the matches not played or being abandoned or postponed, the of £100 will not be awarded, but the offer o consolation prize will still hold good.

Any number of entry forms may be enclo the same envelope.

Any entry form on which an alteration of description has been made will be disqualified.

Each competitor must give his or her real ad and must write his or her signature and addr ink.

In all matters relating to the competition Editor's decision is final and legally binding. competitors may enter only on this understan

MATCHES TO BE PLAYED OCTOBER 20.

Manchester U.	v.	Everton
Stockport C.	v.	Rochdale
Burnley	v.	Burslem P.V.
Bury	v.	Manchester C.
Grimsby T.	v.	Sheffield U.
Lincoln City	v.	Leeds City.
Notts County	v.	Barnsley.
Rotherham C.	v.	Notts Forest.
Arsenal	v.	West Ham U.
Millwall Ath.	v.	Crystal Palace.
Brentford	v.	Fulham.
Clydebank	v.	Partick Thistle.
Airdrieonians	v.	Morton.
Rangers	v.	Celtic.
Queen's Park	v.	Motherwell.
Falkirk	v.	St Mirren.

I enter this competition in accordan with the printed conditions in "The Po Sunday Special," and agree to accept th published decision as final and legall binding.

Signature, ...

Address, ...

....

....

This competition is run in conjunction wit "Weekly News."

The Editor cannot accept responsibility fo loss or non-delivery of any entry form, an not accept proof of postage as proof of rece delivery.

No correspondence can be entered into in nection with this competition.

The Editor reserves the right to disqualif entry, but agrees not to disqualify any entry out good and sufficient reason.

Entries must be sent by post addressed to " Results Editor," "The Post Sunday Special," Port-Dundas Road, Glasgow, and posted so they reach us not later than the first p Wednesday, October 17.

Result of Contest—Matches Played Oc

No one correctly forecasted all the resul this contest, but five competitors submitted showing four errors each. Our consolation p £10 is therefore divided amongst them names are:—John A. Lafferty, 85 Tower Glasgow; Robert Lowden, 17 Ar dee; F. Morrison, c/o Mrs Grant, Leith; Thomas Stanley, Ashville, Bonnyrigg; Mrs C. Reid, 101 Menzies Road, Aberdeen.

The defeat of Rochdale was the sens in English

SUPPLEMENT TO THE POST SUNDAY SPECIAL, OCTOBER 14, 1917.

FLYING: ITS WONDERFUL ROMANCE AND TRIUMPHS

THE STORY OF AVIATION UP TO DATE

By C. E. GREY, Editor of "The Aeroplane."

CTUALLY the first attempts at human flight date back to somewhere in the dle ages, when various people in various ers cast themselves down from high s, and generally perished. It is rather d to draw a line between most of these mpts and the early parachutists who down from balloons—that is to say, y of the early experimenters merely en- oured to reach the ground unhurt r than to navigate the air.

ite early in the nineteenth century bal- inflated with hot air or gas be- fairly common, and a number of at- ts were made to navigate these bal- —some of them by means of screw ellers turned by hand, and others by s of large oars, also hand operated.

e first really successful aerial naviga- of any account was Santos Dumont, a ilian sportsman, who built and navi- d various small airships in Paris. Pre- attempts to navigate a balloon with rol motor had ended in disaster. After success of Santos Dumont a number of onists took to making airships, among being the brothers Lebaudy, who were millionaires by profession and bal- ists for sport. They built a number of or less successful airships, and their effort carried engines totalling some- like 1000 horse-power. M. Clement, well-known maker of motor cars, also to making airships, and in conjunction certain of the most important balloon ers in France built, between 1909 and present day quite a number of really airships.

The First Airships.

e first really successful Zeppelin was uced in 1906, after experiments which n in 1900, but its life was compara- y short, and it was not until 1908 that us journeys of any length were per- ed by Zeppelins. In the meantime in ain attempts were also made to produce ips, the first experimental ship being by Mr E. T. Willows single-handed at iff in 1904-5. His first effort was not a ss, but in 1909 he built a small airship h he piloted from Cardiff to London, in November, 1910, in the same ship, a new gas-bag, he flew across to ce, and thus acquired the honour of g the first airship pilot to cross the nel.

owever, before he achieved this success Government balloon factory at Farn- gh produced a curious sausage-shaped on with an engine, which, after ging from Aldershot over London e Crystal Palace, was brought down by bad weather, and was eventually away in a gale. It is of interest to that the late Mr F. S. Cody, later to e one of the most successful British rs, was largely concerned with the de- and building of this ship.

reafter the Germans continued to and improve their airships till a year ago they had produced a species of lin which was capable of flying upon eighty miles an hour, and able to lift its crew and suffi- petrol for some twelve hours' as well as a ton or so of bombs, to ght of between twelve and fourteen and feet. These machines at one time e a serious menace to Britain by up- g the production of the munitions of but the improvement of aeroplanes in eantime has quite abolished any serious r from airships. One may therefore e of airships by saying that while they of use for scouting over sea or land, there are no aeroplanes to interfere them, they are quite useless in war aeroplanes of modern type are avail- It is possible, however, that in time ce they may be used to quite a con- able extent purely for pleasure cruising. ndoubtedly a certain number of people prefer to take aerial voyages in vessels h are not compelled to descend if their es happen to cease working.

he First Power-Driven Aeroplane.

t us therefore return to and confine this le to aeroplanes. Probably the first entic instance of a power-driven aero- e is that of a machine built by Sir Geo. y, Bart., somewhere about the year Being a wise man, Sir George in- d his coachman to try the experiment iloting the machine, and the only entic account of its first attempt at fly- records the fact that as soon as the ine began to move the coachman lost erve, jumped out, and broke his leg.

om that date forward there was a long before anybody seriously attempted to a power-driven aeroplane, but in the time a great deal of experimenting was with gliders. A glider is practically an plane without an engine, and naturally be made considerably lighter, as it only to carry the weight of the pilot and has engine or petrol tanks to carry. An plane descending with its engine ped is exactly the same thing as glider. Probably the first suc- ul gliding experiments were done Professor Lilienthal, a German. built a pair of wings to which he later ed a tail, and produced a thing more s like the monoplane of to-day. Lilien- s experiments were first made by jump- from a ladder with these wings attached his body. Later on he had a large mound of earth built so that he could always glide from the top head to wind, no matter in what direction the wind might be blowing. With his gliders he managed to cover quite considerable distances up to a quarter of a mile, but unfortunately in one of his experiments something broke in the machine and he broke his neck.

Equally successful experiments were carried out in England by a young naval officer named Pilcher, who was also killed through a breakage in his machine.

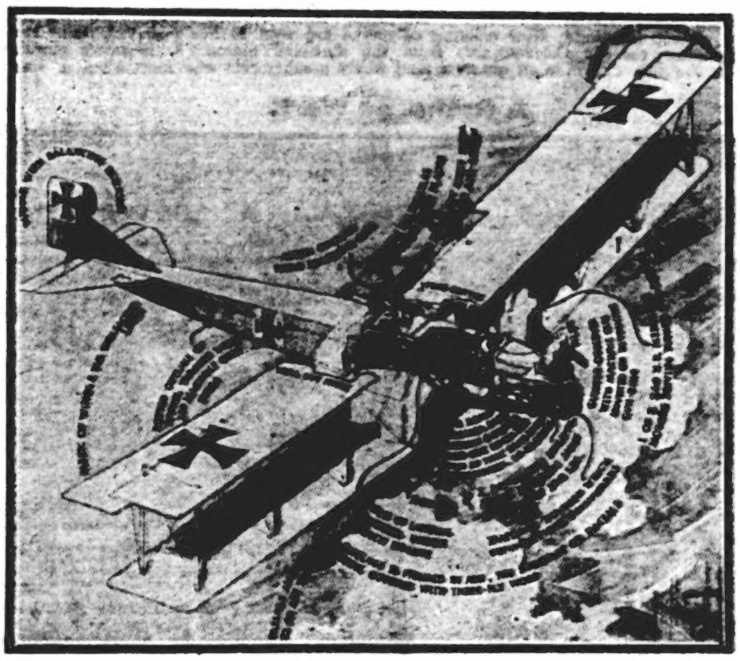
The Wrights' Early Experiments.

In America experiments were made by Dr Chanute, a famous engineer, who, in spite of being past middle-age, carried out a number of interesting glides, and lived to see mechanically-driven aeroplanes actually flying in large numbers. Largely through the assistance of Dr Chanute two young Americans named Orville and Wilbur Wright, who had for some time been experimenting with gliders, began to achieve quite remarkable glides not only as regards length of ground covered, but also as regards the time they remained in the air. Their experimental station was on the American coast, and by gliding from the top of a high sandhill against a strong breeze from the sea they found it was possible to soar on the upward current of the air for minutes at a time.

Encouraged by their success, they started to build for themselves a very light petrol engine. They owned a cycle shop, and had had considerable experience of motors as they then were, which naturally assisted them very much in the production of this engine. The result was that after a number of successful attempts they produced a machine on which Orville Wright made a properly-controlled flight on December 17, 1903, near their home at Dayton, Ohio, U.S.A.

Therefore it must go on record that the first man who actually flew a power-driven aeroplane was Orville Wright. It was purely a matter of luck that he did so, because he was given the trial of the machine on this particular day after drawing lots with his brother Wilbur for the honour. Not being rich men, the Wright brothers progressed very slowly with their experiments, and the backing of capitalists was not forthcoming, in spite of their success, because men with money were unable to see that there was any particular commercial future for aeroplanes. However, late in 1908, Wilbur Wright came to Europe, where he was received with enthusiasm and money.

Secrets of the Gotha.



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This diagram shows how the Gotha works. The important parts are indicated and briefly explained.

Some short flights, or rather hops, had already been made by various people. Santos Dumont, the balloonist already mentioned, constructed a queer machine after his own ideas, and made a few hops on August 22, 1906. These were followed on October 23, 1906, by a definite flight of two hundred feet. On November 12 of the same year he improved on this by flying 220 yards in twenty-one seconds.

Almost simultaneously with Santos Dumont's attempts a Dane named Ellehammer made a few short hops on September 12, 1906, but these attempts were not followed by real success, so that it was not until June 28, 1908, that he made a genuine flight, when he won a prize at Kiel for the first flight made in Germany, the distance covered by him being 47 yards.

After the success of Santos Dumont experimenters in France and Britain were naturally encouraged, and during 1908 M. Henry Farman and M. Louis Bleriot succeeded in making various little hops which could scarcely be dignified by the name of flights.

In England the late Mr S. F. Cody was experimenting with a biplane built at the expense of the Government Balloon Factory, and Mr A. V. Roe, a marine engineer, was also experimenting on his own account. Mr Roe's first attempt to build an aeroplane resulted in his leaving the ground on the motor racing track at Brooklands in June, 1908, and Mr Cody's first hop was made either late in June or early in August of the same year. Mr Cody was unhappily killed through the breakage of one of his own aeroplanes late in 1912, but Mr Roe is to-day building aeroplanes by the thousand for the navy and army. Incidentally it is worth while mentioning that Mr Roe's type of biplane, which is known as the "Avro,' set the fashion for practically all the successful aeroplanes used by all the Powers engaged in the present war.

I have already said that the first real flying in Europe was done by Wilbur Wright in 1908, but it is worth while noting that, following on the flights of Santos Dumont, Henry Farman flew for more than eight hundred yards on October 26, 1907; that on January 13, 1908, he flew for a whole kilometre—that is to say, for about 1000 yards; and on March 21 of the same year he flew a mile and a quarter. His performance, however, was quite put in the shade by Wilbur Wright, when on September 21, 1908, he flew for just over one hour and a half without descending, and on December 31, 1908, he put up a wonderful world's record of two hours and twenty minutes in the air without a descent.

When the World was Startled.

1909, however, was really the great year for aviation. Early in the year a number of exhibition flights were made by various people, and on July 25 M. Bleriot startled the world by flying from Calais to Dover on a little monoplane of his own design, and made fitted with an engine of only twenty-eight horse-power. The voyage across the Channel took twenty-three minutes, and it is interesting to note that in these days when our naval and military aviators are flying the Channel many times a day the trip takes anything between five minutes and a quarter of an hour, according to the direction of the wind.

A great feature of the year 1909 was a splendidly-arranged aviation meeting which took place at Reims. All the leading aviators of every country assembled there, and competed for valuable prizes put up by the French Aero Club. The keen competition this produced had excellent results. For the first time on record an aeroplane piloted in this case by Henry Farman, covered a hundred miles without alighting. The actual distance was 112 miles, and the time three hours and four minutes.

These wonderful performances, for they were wonderful in those days, were no doubt due to the introduction by two brothers named Seguin of a famous rotary engine called the "Gnome." This engine completely revolutionised flying, for until this introduction the aeroplane had to be in itself very efficient to be able to lift the heavy engine which then existed. The "Gnome" engine, however, was so light in itself that it was able to drag almost anything in the shape of an aeroplane off the ground, with the result that experimenters were able to get into the air and experiment properly. The result was that progress became very rapid.

The years 1910-11 were largely concerned with what were called "flying meetings" all over Europe. At first these were ostensibly competitions, but later on they became frankly exhibitions of flying, for the so-called competitors were paid "appearance money" whether they won anything or not. In those days crack flyers made quite a good deal of money, and the desire to beat one another's products in aeroplane performance certainly spurred aeroplane makers on to improve their machines, but except for the fact that a number of people were induced to take an interest in them the actual progress was not very great until about the middle of 1911.

In that year two really historic events took place. One was the "Circuit of Europe," which was a genuine race, starting from Paris and visiting Amsterdam, Brussels, and London before returning to Paris. A number of aviators took part in this race, and it was won by Lieut. De Conneau, of the French Navy, who flew under the assumed name of "Beaumont." He used a Bleriot monoplane of very much the same type as that which had flown the Channel, but fitted with a "Gnome" engine, which made all the difference.

The Race Round Britain.

A few weeks after the finish of this race the "Circuit of Britain" took place, starting from the famous Brooklands Aerodrome, near London, and covering a course which included Harrogate, Newcastle, Edinburgh, Stirling, Glasgow, Manchester, Bristol, Exeter, Brighton, and London. Considering the types of aeroplanes then in use, the course was an exceedingly arduous one, and only four out of some twenty competitors who started completed the distance. This race also was won by Lieut. de Conneau, the second man being Jules Vedrines, formerly an aeroplane mechanic. These two finished within an hour or so of one another. The late S. F. Cody finished the course some days later, and Mr Jas. Valentine, who died recently in Russia, as a major in the Royal Flying Corps, came through about a week later, after many adventures on the road. The result of all this was the naval and military people of the various countries began to take quite a serious interest in flying. Germany, which until then had prided herself on her airships, and had taken little account of aeroplanes, began to think seriously about military aviation. Germany started with one great advantage, namely, that in building airships she had produced special engines, which, though not astonishingly light, were wonderfully reliable. These engines have been developed and improved steadily ever since, and it is thanks to them and their reliability that the Germans have attained a high standard with their aeroplanes.

Proof of their reliability is given by the confidence with which the German aviators set out on their aeroplane raids on England. They have lost a good many aeroplanes and their crews in the course of these raids, but so far as I have been able to gather all their losses have been caused either by gunfire or by British fighting aeroplanes and not by any failure of their engines. The extraordinary reliability of these German engines was shown very emphatically only a few months before the war, when a number of exceptionally long flights were made in Germany. It is worth while mentioning a few of these, because it shows how far in front of everybody else the Germans were in this one respect.

On June 4, 1914, Herr Basser remained in the air for eighteen hours and ten minutes without alighting. This performance was promptly beaten on June 28 by Herr Landmann, who made a non-stop flight of twenty-one hours and fifty minutes, and this again was beaten within a fortnight by Herr Boehm, who remained aloft for twenty-four hours and twelve minutes. This is the only instance on record of a man flying for a full day and night without alighting. In Boehm's case the distance flown was not measured because he was simply flying round and round in the neighbourhood of the aerodrome merely killing time, but in Landmann's flight of nearly 22 hours the distance which he covered was carefully calculated, and it was found that he had covered eleven hundred and eighty miles, which, by the way, would be sufficient to carry him from Newfoundland to the coast of Ireland.

Another great German flight of the same period, that is to say, early July of 1914, was made by an aviator named Suvelack. This aviator, accompanied by a passenger, left a great aerodrome near Berlin one evening, and landed at Eggri Palanka, on the frontier of Turkey and Bulgaria, covering a thousand miles across country without a stop. Also during the month of July Herr Basser, who has already been mentioned, flew from Berlin to Constantinople, stopping only at Vienna, Sofia, and Bucharest, this flight being done by way of an advertising tour to show off the qualities of the machine and engine which he was using.

The French have always been extraordinarily fertile in ideas, and consequently the development of French aeroplanes between 1911 and the outbreak of war was highly satisfactory.

Long-Distance Records.

Some idea of the lines along which the French developed their machines may be gathered by the fact that although the Germans hold all the long-distance records just before the beginning of the war, all the speed records have always been held by the French. The way in which these records have developed is nowadays highly educative. Thus we find that in September, 1908, the speed record of aeroplanes was of the rate of just under 30 miles per hour, and that for a very short distance. By August 28, 1909, M. Bleriot had raised the speed record to 47 miles per hour, by October 29, 1910, M. le Blanc had put the record up to 67 miles an hour. On July 1, 1911, Mr Weyman, an American living in France, raised this again to 79 miles per hour. On September 9, 1912, Jules Vedrines, whom I have already mentioned, raised the record to 105 miles an hour, and on September 20, 1913, Marcel Provost covered 126¾ miles in one hour.

That speed would be considered good for a war aeroplane to-day, though some of the very fastest machines are now going nearer to 140 miles per hour than 130, but the difference is that Prevost's machine was a tiny aeroplane seating one man only, whereas the aeroplanes of to-day which travel still faster carry two men and two or three guns, and enough petrol to last for three or four hours, whereas he only had to carry petrol for one hour. Also his machine was an absolute freak, built for racing only, and most machines of that period flew at something like 60 or 70 miles per hour, whereas in these days any machine which does under a hundred miles an hour is regarded as being quite slow.

Penetrating the "Dizzy Heights."

It might be well also to say something about the progress of aeroplanes upwards. I well remember at the Rheims meeting of 1909 a well-known English journalist asking an American aviator, Curtiss, whether he thought an aeroplane could ever reach the height of a thousand feet. Mr Curtiss' reply was that getting up to a thousand feet was like getting to the bottom of the sea. It was "dead easy," and he left it to the journalist to imagine that the real difficulty was in getting back again.

A few days after he had made that remark, the late Hubert Latham broke all the world records for altitude by climbing to the giddy height of 500 feet. That was in August, 1909. But in January of 1910 Latham himself rose to a height of 3000 feet, and by December 9, 1910, the late George Legagneux put the record up to over 10,000 feet. From that height the record progressed steadily till December 29, 1913. Legagneux himself put the record up to just over 20,000 feet. Then, apparently, it began to interest the Germans, because several German pilots had a try at beating the record, and finally, on July 14, 1914, Henry Oelerich rose to the height of 25,725 feet which stands to-day as the greatest authenticated height apart from war machines, but it may be taken that it has been beaten on various occasions by war machines, though not often.

At the present moment the aeroplanes and engines have improved all round, and fights take place regularly at anything between 15,000 and 20,000 feet, and one occasionally hears of one machine chasing another up to 25,000 feet. Apparently the limiting height now for the best aeroplane is not the engine but the pilot, because anything over 20,000 feet becomes extremely inconvenient owing to the thinness of the air at that height, and it is only very exceptional men who can retain consciousness at anything over that height.

Possibilities of the Future.

It is, of course, impossible in the space available to give anything like an actual history of aeroplanes, but perhaps the developments mentioned as regards the speed, duration, and climbing ability of aeroplanes in the last few years, will give some idea of the large progress which has been made. To give anything like a detailed history would need quite a large book. Prophesying is always a dangerous game, but it seems quite probable that before very long we shall have aeroplanes which are doing close on 200 miles an hour, though it is improbable that that speed will ever be greatly surpassed. The height to which aeroplanes will climb is, as I have said, limited by the pilot rather than by the aeroplane itself, and in any case there is no particular object in going much above 20,000 feet.

As regards the distance which aeroplanes are likely to cover, it is undoubtedly already possible to cross the Atlantic, because the shortest distance as between Newfoundland and Ireland is only a little over a thousand miles, and that distance has already been covered by several aeroplanes without alighting.

It seems probable, however, that 1500 miles at a stretch may be covered before very long, and possibly we may arrive at a stage when an aeroplane will be able to fly direct from Plymouth to New York without a stop. That, at any rate, is as long a distance as anybody is likely to want to fly without stopping.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE A RAIDER.

BY AN EX-BRITISH PILOT.

WE started off at the early dawn. Our orders were very definite. Three submarines must be bombed and, if humanly possible, destroyed before putting out to sea again.

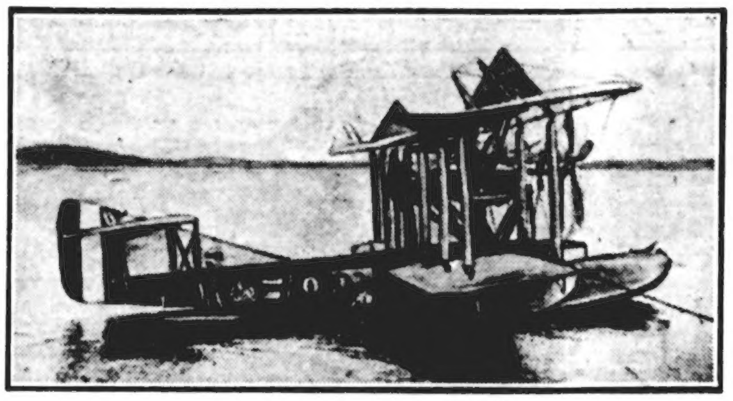
It was my first raid The feelings I experienced in those biting-raw early morning hours were none of the pleasantest. For, of all aerial manœuvres, that of participating in a raid is the most trying to the nerves.

A hearty voice hailed me through the mist. It was S——,one of my fellow-pilots in the raid. Already seated in his machine, he appeared as cool and collected as though he were just about to take a drive round the park.

Ten minutes later we were off. One by one the machines left the ground and took up their pre-arranged formation in the air.

Aeroplanes—war aeroplanes, at least—are all built for a definite purpose. It is impossible to combine speed, duration, and great climbing powers all in one machine. Thus a bombing aeroplane is built for duration, and possesses a larger lifting capacity that allows for a heavy cargo of bombs.

Below, as the sun steals up across the distant horizon, the perspective extends. The earth surface breaks through the grey mist. The roads are alive with traffic of all descriptions. There a long row of motor lorries going up to the firing line, here motor cars, ambulances, motor bicycles, an old-time London motor 'bus crowded with infantrymen, and ammunition waggons. Behind a little wood beside the road gleam the white tops of the tents of an advanced field hospital. Nearer the lines a battalion of infantry on the road and in the rear of them a puffing, steaming "Puffing Billy," dragging behind it on a huge limber a "grandmother" naval 15-inch gun.



One of the latest British seaplanes (reproduced from a Gaumont film).

Over the Enemy Lines.

By this time we have climbed up to a goodly altitude. The young morning light floods the country-side all yellow and gold and red. Now we are drawing nearer to the lines. Soon we will be over shrapnel, when No 3 suddenly dives down out of the line into a spiral dive for the earth. But luckily we see him recover, thousands of feet below, and land in a meadow well behind the lines. Three of us left to continue with the raid!

Suddenly there is a burst of grey and flame almost immediately beneath. Immediately the sky is flicked on all sides with similar bursts. The enemy anti-aircraft have opened fire. With one accord we all dive downward. Again the firing reopens with renewed intensity. We dive and bank and turn—anywhere to escape those murderous bullets.

Five or six bullets have already penetrated my left wing, punctuating it with ugly little holes. That must have been a narrow escape. The machine on my right staggers, and commences to nose downwards towards the earth. Anxiously we watch him. My observer glances round over his shoulder. But it is impossible to give vent to our pent-up feelings here. Conversation is impossible in mid-air. Not a word can be heard above the never-ceasing roar of the engine.

No. 4 recovers himself, and slowly climbs back into the formation. More shrapnel, and yet more. More turning and diving to avoid it. Far behind a narrow, grey vein that zig-zags across the surface of the earth from the dim mists of the South to the blue waters of the sea are the trenches. There, to the west of them, a cluster of shattered cottages and farmhouses, lies T——.

Only yesterday one of our pilots was caught in a sudden storm when over T——. Returning from a daring raid, and over the roar and thunder of a mighty battle, he had the misfortune to run into a thunderstorm. The rain deluged in huge waterspouts. The vivid lightning flashes rent the sky. All around the earth was darkened by the heavy storm clouds. The giant hand of the storm took the frail aeroplane in its grasp, and toyed and played with it up and down every chord in the heavens. Round flew the craft with the momentum of a huge spinning-top. Then she nosed into a sharp dive, and nearer to the earth developed an understandable hankering for a certain big gun. At the conclusion of each sudden swoop she would come out a few feet above the gun emplacement. Climbing back into the sky, she would suddenly dive down again, top over heels, anyhow over this new-found friend. Another time endeavouring to whisper in its ear. Then the storm passed away.

But this is no day for storms; blue sky and clear visibility and intense cold. Such cold! I have to move arms and legs about rapidly to restore the circulation. Below flows a broad river, and on the surface of the river is a long string of barges. There is a great temptation to bomb, but that must not be.

We are drawing nearer to our destination. The country beneath is more open; less of a jumble of straggling roads, rivers, and railways. Clouds over 12,000 feet. Cold more intense. Hardly any feeling left in either hands or feet.

Sighting the Sea.

Again we sight the sea. My speedometer registers 110 miles an hour, a goodish speed. In and out of the sea of clouds below comes climbing rapidly upwards the faint, indistinct form of an aeroplane. There can be no possible doubt as to its identity. On either wing are painted two large black crosses.

One of our fighting craft slithers off to meet the raider. The fight that ensues is fast and furious; climbing, diving, banking; now one on top, now the other; the wings glistening as they turn in the sun. Then, with a sickening dive, the enemy plunges earthward out of control, and our battleplane quickly overtakes the formation.

Our destination at last. A great smudge of black and red in the green countryside. Buildings, machine shops, sheds, houses, factory chimneys, trains, with a more than usually important-looking junction and station, roads innumerable, guns, and aerodromes, and there the docks.

Our objective! Who can explain the feelings that now flash through one's mind? Eagerness, excitement, fear, hope, expectancy; all are experienced in that first brief moment. There is a strange feeling of being boxed up, of being unable to get at the enemy.

The anti-aircraft bombardment waxes furious. Specks of sharp red bite into all corners of the sky. Guns open fire from all quarters. Below, far below, are a squadron of enemy aeroplanes, climbing up to meet us. By the time they are level we will be far, very far away. But by far the most alarming sensation of all is that, despite all this pandemonium that is raging below, not a sound can be heard above the roar of the engine.

Bombing the Submarines.

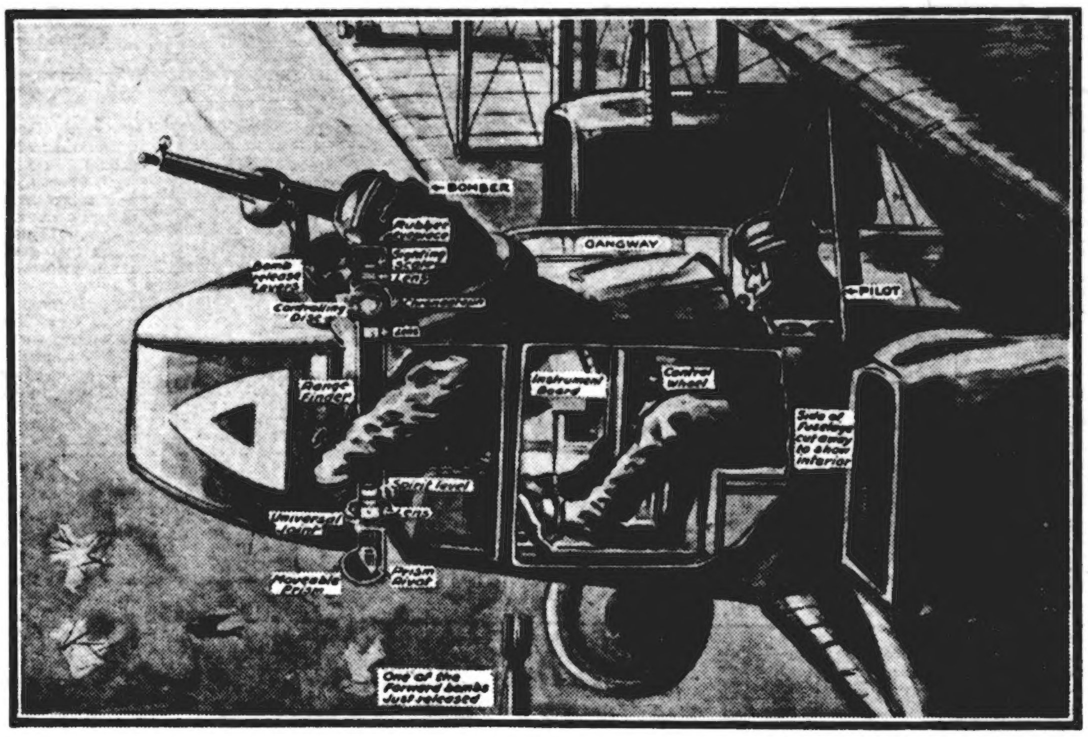
We turn "down" into the wind. I try my bomb release. At last the longed-for moment has come. Then the sights? The altitude? We are circling over the place at a good thirteen thousand feet. I peer over the side. Is it time yet to drop the bombs? The enemy bombardment is terrific.

Now sharply silhouetted against the sky are the black-grey docks, and, unmistakably, two if not more submarines. I sight them, and take steady aim. Down goes a bomb, then another, then another. Fiercer grows the firing. More and more bombs are released by the other machines. Again we circle over the place.

Now columns of smoke are seen to lick heavenwards from the shattered masonry in all quarters, and where a submarine was ugly black patch on the surface of the water. Another has been hit in the bows, and has a bad list to port.

Then we turn for home through a veritable cloud of "Archies" and with a squadron of enemy airmen in hot pursuit. But we are now without bombs, which makes our speed considerably greater. We succeed in shaking off pursuit, and, half an hour later, gladly return to our base and breakfast.

A Gotha at Work



Reproduce d by Special Arrangement with "The Sphere."

Our squadrons have frequently asserted their superiority over the Gothas despite the great reliance placed in them by the enemy.

WHEN I WITNESSED FIRST BRITIS AEROPLANE'S

Secret Flight in Scotland.

(By Vincent Wray.)

IT was soon after I had seen young Verdon Roe, the now famous inventor of the aeroplane, throwing paper models of flying machines about his brother's surgery in Wandsworth that I heard of a real "heavier-than-air" machine which was in process of construction "somewhere" among the hills of Perthshire

The passion for flight had seized on inventors everywhere. Colonel Capper, with the invaluable help of the enthusiastic and now lamented Colonel Cody, had shown with the Nulli Secundus that he could navigate the air in an elongated balloon. The brothers Wilbur and Orville Wright had come to London, where I first met them, with elaborate plans and specifications to show to the permanent officials of a sleepy and not particularly interested Government. Even "Edgar the Eagle," a Pimlico milkboy, was busy with a mixed-up network of canes and outspread canvasses, in which he intended to launch himself from Wembley Tower. Incidentally, his courage failed him at the last moment, and not even the "urgings" of an admiring reporter could induce him to take the plunge into space.

The whole world at this time was, with bated breath, awaiting news that at length the bird-man had arrived when, ringed in by lofty mountains, a couple of flying corps lieutenants set themselves to solve the fascinating problem.

The Duke of Atholl's Foresight.

It was the splendid patriotism and amazing foresight of the present Duke of Atholl—then Marquis of Tullibardine—that made their experiments possible. He perhaps more than any man of the time, recognised the future of flying. He had watched the evolution of the "idea" from Cody's man-lifting kites to the cigar-shaped dirigible which answered its helm so nobly over Laffan's Plain, at Farnborough.

His prescience was as wonderful as that of H. G. Wells when he described with prophetic vision the aerial battles of the future. Above all, he believed in experiment, and in the encouragement of men who showed engineering genius.

This was why the Marquis of Tullibardine placed at the disposal of these young officers a stretch of country, protected from the wind, and hidden away from the prying eyes of friendly and unfriendly investigators. Mine was to be the part of a "friendly" watcher, commissioned by a daily newspaper whose patriotism was beyond question. All the same my visit caused considerable local resentment.

It was a glorious day in the early summer when I reached the charming little town from which inquiry had to begin—some ten miles by rail from Dunkeld.

I found myself up against a "dead end" immediately

The railway officials—stationmasters and porters alike—startled me by their profession of ignorance. There might be a good deal doing, but if so they were unaware of it. People I encountered were irritatingly uninforming.

The landlord of the main local hotel was a short, square-built, entertaining man, who had been for some years in Watch. A party of tourists call the landlord I accompanied the of a mile along the road.

I prevailed on him to tell m at last. But what he said was couraging. He admitted flying on, but he added—

"You can't get within sight it. ghillies are watching day and will be a bad half-hour for tries to break through their vi

The warning was meant se persisted. That same evening a full three miles in the direc had reason to think the trials ing.

I turned off the road and challenged. If I insisted on must take the consequences. I looked challenger up and down and Dusk found me astray on a where vegetation grew up to one's the highway was—goodness By nightfall I was back at the hotel heartened, and weary almost to the of exhaustion.

The following day, however, I had luck that occasionally falls to persistent. I took the train thinking in some vague fashion that I find somebody there who would help my search. I do not know whether it was instinct—but the move was Outside the main hotel there I met a conversationally inclined. He was in years, and his head moved more from side to side, as if he were say perpetual "No." I felt that I could him into my confidence, and I told some of my troubles. He listened Then he said—"I think I can help you know the country—every inch of it. men are working in a hollow, and ghillies keep watch only on the side the road passes the foot hills. There path over the east. It is faintly observ but unmistakable. I will mark it for on a map."

The Scene of the Experiments.

We strolled into the hotel. I borrow road map from the host, and my new friend carefully lined out the road was to bring me to the end of my At the same time, he was careful to plain that he was leaving the district week, and even if I were so unsporting like as to "give him away" it did matter.

I do not suppose that the route I fol is of much interest. I remember wound considerably, and led by a of shooting-boxes and thatched cov the "guns."

My unknown friend had marked cross a hillock which overlooked the grounds.

By the aid of a powerful pair of glasses I was able to watch the busy of workers. There were more than I thought—mechanics, labourers, and of many descriptions.

Huts had sprung up on every side large central workshop, in which two thusiastic young officers were at grips a problem that was to mean so much some years later barbarism came to bat with civilisation.

As I watched I saw a full-sized brought into the open. So far as I determine, it was complete in every de wings, propellers, engine. What most cerned me was that it flew. The only clusion one could draw was that among everlasting hills of Perthshire had constructed the first British "heavier air" machine.

I have seen many miracles of the air —Bleriot's machine in which he flew the Channel, young Roll's triumphs, Wrights' amazing inventions. But no thrilled me more than this wonderful cess, known at the time only to myself workers, and the silence of the mountains

I hurried back to Dunkeld in time to a story—how inadequate it was I feel —to my paper. Hardly had I left the office when somebody tapped my arm, handed me a letter.

It was from the Marquis of Tullibardine he wished to see me in the morning.

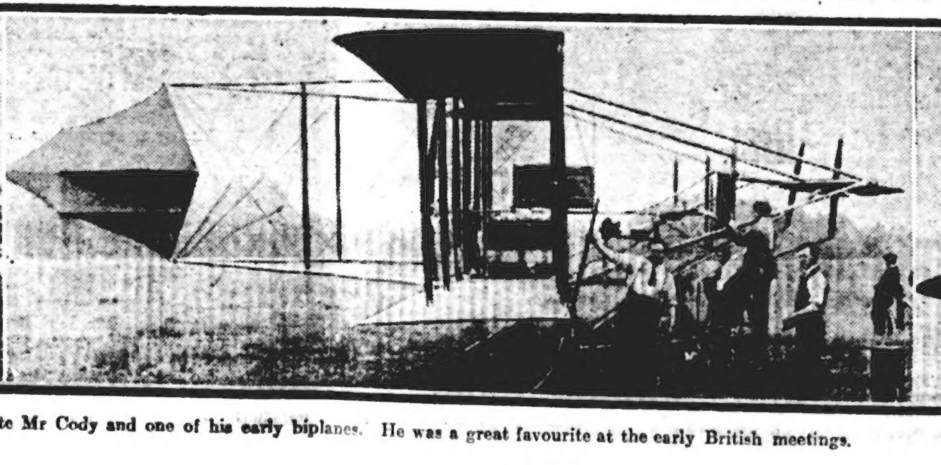
My interview with the Marquis will fade from memory. I went to see him Blair Atholl, and found him a quiet strained, kindly nobleman. But what pressed me most was his intense patriotism He told me that what he was doing the interests of his country, and that ever developments came from the Perth hills he wished to be the property of country alone.

"The ghillies are tired of keeping he said, "and I want you to return. are getting restless and impatient."

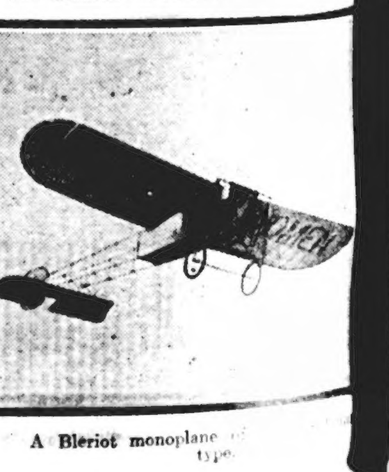
I suggested that he should wire to editor of my paper and he agreed, with result that I was recalled to London patriotic reasons.

I often wonder now what part those trials play in the great war of to-day. thing I know—the first real British plane was fashioned among the mo fastnesses of Scotland.

A Wright "glider" sliding off a sandhill on the American coast.



The late Mr Cody and one of his early biplanes. He was a great favourite at the early British meetings.



A Bleriot monoplane [illegible] type.